

643. n. 2.

THE
LADY'S REVENGE:

O.R,

The ROVER Reclaim'd.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

By Wm Popple.

Interdum tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit.

HOR. de Art. Poet.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRINDELEY at the King's-Arms, New Bond-Street,
Bookbinder to her Majesty, and his Royal Highness the Prince
of Wales. And Sold by A. DODD, without Temple-Bar;
J. ROBERTS, in Warwick-Lane; J. WILFORD, behind the
Chapter-House, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and E. NUTT, at the
Royal-Exchange. M.DCC.XXXIV.

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TO
His ROYAL HIGHNESS
The PRINCE.

SIR,

THE Advantage, which a Nation reaps from an Encouragement given, by Princes, to Letters in general, cannot be unknown to your Royal Highness, whose extensive Knowledge in all Parts of History, would make it the highest Piece of Presumption in me to pretend to quote Authorities to shew, what Altera-

A 2 tions

DEDICATION.

tions the Study or Neglect of Letters have caused in the same People.

Your Royal Highness's Goodness in being graciously pleased to accept the Dedication of the following Scenes, shews not only how much your Royal Highness has at Heart the Advancement of Learning in general, but of that Branch in particular, whose End is to expose the Vices, and ridicule the Follies of Mankind.

I could have wish'd this first Attempt had been an Offering more worthy of the high Protection it receives from your Royal Highness's Name. But Comedy, tho' not the *noblest* Production of the Mind, is not
the

DEDICATION.

the least *unuseful*; and it is sufficient if there is a Tendency towards doing Good, in any Work, to make that Work appear deserving in your Royal Highness's Eye.

This being the only Merit I pretend to, I beg Leave, as the most grateful Heart always *feels* more than it can *express*, to be allow'd to return my most dutiful Acknowledgments by an *inward Consciousness* of that profound Truth, Respect, and Gratitude, with which I am,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obliged,

Most Dutiful, and

Most Devoted humble Servant,

W. POPPLE.



P R E F A C E.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE discontinuing the acting of a Play, that has been well received by the Town in general, at a Time when it might have gone on, makes it necessary to give some Account of what has past since the first Night of its Representation, and of the Motives that made the Author put a Stop to its Run.

A Report having been maliciously raised, and industriously spread all over the Town, that the Play was a Party Play, and supported by the Court, and therefore to be opposed, Numbers of Persons came into the House with an Intent, (as the Term is) to damn it at all Events.

Thus,

P R E F A C E.

Thus determin'd, they took hold of
every little Slip that,

— Aut Incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura —

and were very clamorous: However,
the Play having had a fair Hearing,
went off with infinitely more Applause
than Blame.

The Second Night the particular
Things objected to, being taken out, the
Play was acted from Beginning to End,
without one single Mark of Displea-
sure in the Audience.

The Third Night it went off in the
same Manner, to the most numerous and
splendid Audience that could be seen.

The Fourth Night a Set of about
eight or ten young Fellows went to the
Bedford Coffee-House in the Piazza,
and declared publickly that they came
purposely to damn the Play, and would
not leave the Play-house till they had
compassed their Ends. The same De-
claration they repeated when in the
House to some Gentlemen that were there,

Friends

P R E F A C E.

Friends (but unknown to them) to the Author.

Accordingly Mr. Ryan coming on to speak the Prologue, they began their Up-roar, but were soon silenced, and the Prologue was heard with Applause: The Play beginning, they began again, and were so loud that Mr. Ryan acquainted them, that as he could not imagine there was any thing in the Play they could except against, he was apprehensive he had the Misfortune to displease them. Mr. Quin then came on, and told them he found the House was divided, and as the Majority was for bearing the Play, he bop'd those who were not, would go out. The House on that were unanimous, and cry'd, Turn them out, Turn them out, but they saved the Audience the Trouble of doing it, and retired under the general Hiss of every Person then present: After which the Play went on without the least Disturbance.

The Author having reflected that Malice, tho' it could do the Play no Hurt, might affect Mr. Rich, by keeping Persons

P R E F A C E.

sions from the House, who have no great Relish for Noise, chose rather to discontinue the further acting of the Play, and to refer himself to the Judgment of every impartial Reader, to whom he freely commits it, being determin'd as frankly to acknowledge any real Fault found with it, as to justify it, if censur'd without Reason.

The Author cannot conclude, without declaring how much he thinks himself obliged to every Actor for the Care taken in the acting it, and more particularly to those who having the principal Parts to perform, had an Opportunity to exert themselves, as they did, in the most satisfactory Manner.





PROLOGUE.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

WHEN Love's taught Dangers animate the Stage,

Your Ears, ye Fair ! let the soft Scenes engage :
Let each bright List'ner mark the Wiles we shew,
And catch dumb Caution, from the pictur'd Woe.

— Guiltless of Farce, to Night, the meaning Player
Courts not your Laughter — but, alarms your Care.

Man, the Deceiver ! veils his cruel Art :
And skreens himself, within th' attempted Heart.
There, to ungenerous Empire, climbs, ere long :
Help'd by the Confidence, he means to wrong !
— This, to detect, we act his Falshood o'er :
And, the Deluder, known, betrays no more.

Such, the best Busines of the Comick Muse !
Love has a thousand Lessons, to infuse :
— Not always Lightness shou'd ungrace the Scene. —
To laugh at Folly, but indulges Spleen.
Coxcombs, and Fops, in harmless Error stray :
And trip, undangerous out of Passion's Way.
Misers, and Sots, less, Mirth, than Pity, move :
And, Dullness brings an Antidote, for Love.
— But, there's a Traitor, arm'd, in am'rous Mail !
Barn, to attempt, and, fashion'd to prevail !
Disguis'd in Softness — by deep Arts endear'd :
And, always dang'rous — because, never fear'd.
Him,

PROLOGUE.

Him, in our Glass of Life, to Night, we shew :
Nor stoop the condescending Scene, too low.

Hence, if too grave, for Comedy, we seem,
Think us but suited to our serious Theme. —

— 'Tis no light Loss, when charming Woman falls !
On our Defence, the Sex's Merit calls. —
We, who the Pictures of a World impart,
Neglect not what concerns its fairest Part.
All Danger, to that Sex, thus frankly shown,
At the same Time, does Honour to our own.

Nor let Neglect of Laughter move the Pit,
To dread, in Consequence, a Dearth of Wit.
Unmeaning Mirth may live, in empty Noise :
But, solid Converse swells our softer Joys.

— Once, in an Age of Tumbling, Dance, and Song,
Suppose not two short Hours of Sense, too long !

— Not even the Fashion Change of Taste denies !
Oft MERRY here, — let us be, sometimes — WISE !





E P I L O G U E.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

BAULK'D, as I am, — my Heart's best Hope, mis-
carried,
TRY'D, cast, and sentenc'd to be hang'd; -- that's married!
Ere I'm turn'd off, I think it but my Duty,
To warn, in my last Speech, fast-falling Beauty.

First, Maidens! let my sad Example teach ye,
To put no Trust in Man — 'till he can reach ye.
For, shou'd you strive, too near, his Strength so mighty,
That, down you come, at once — and, then — Good
Night t'ye!

Next, O ye Wives! trust not in Beauty's Merit:
But, to your Body's Influence, add your Spirit.
With your Eye's Lightning, mix a Tongue, that
thunders:
Believe me — Love, so double-arm'd, works Wonders!
— Yet, if nor Charms, nor Eloquence, can save ye; —
But, your good Man will break the Faith he gave ye:
Be you before-hand with him. — That Reproving
Will make him own there's Guilt, in too light loving.

And for you, Widows, — you're too wise, for
teaching,
But, suff'ring Malefactors must be preaching.

E P I L O G U E.

So, take one Word of Council, in your Calling :
Tho' you're too brave, I know, to fear a Falling,
— From your old Yoke, set free, admit no new one,
Unless with some, poor, brisk, young, kind, and true
one. —

The conscious Youth, long, mindful of your Favour,
Will make up all Defects, with good Behaviour. —
Loth, that his Wants his Gratitude shou'd smother ;
What he can't bring you, one Way — comes another.

And, now, good People ! what I've, more, to say
t'ye,
Shou'd be, a doleful Tune, and sigh, and pray t'ye.
— But, doleful Tunes, of late, are grown so common,
They move more Sorrow, than a dying Woman !
And, Sighs, and Prayers, are best, when made in
private,
As you all know, who have good Ends to drive at.

What shall I do, then ? — shall I hang, and tarry ?
Or, bold, in saving Faith, go on, and marry ?
'Tis, both Ways, bad ! — But, I've, at once, bethought
me,
Of a sweet Lesson, dear Revenge has taught me !
— I'll stay, and see Sir Harry in his Fetters :
Nor be so rude, to swing, before my Betters.
Pass but his Honey-moon of Sunshine Weather,
And He, and I, may, then, go, hang, together !



E P I-



E P I L O G U E

Sent by an unknown Hand, the Third and
Fourth Night.

Spoken by

Mrs. Y O U N G E R.

WHAT odd Conclusions senseless Poets make ;
Half-witted Rogues, so grossly to mistake !
Grant, that, to lay the Scruples of my Betters,
'Twas right to marry off us tender Creatures :
But why thus sent away from charming London !
Where Folks can thrive — after they've once been
undone.

How many Men raise Fortunes by their Fall !
Compound their Debts, and get the Devil and all.
And Women too, as some among you know,
Oft from their Fall receive the rising Blow.

Buried alive with Creatures underbred,
I must do filthy Things to get my Bread.
These Hands, that us'd to pat Sir Harry's Cheek,
Must milk a Cow, at least ten Times a Week.
These Feet that hardly cou'd the Pavement bear,
Ne'er more shall be reliev'd by Coach or Chair ;
This Face, no longer guarded by a Fan,
The scorching Sun, and Oven's Blaze must tan.

I that

E P I L O G U E.

I that till Ten, in Bed each Morning lay,
Must feed my Husband's Lambs by Break of Day ;
Born for Intrigue, my Talent I must bury,
Employ'd between my Kitchen and my Dairy.
Be drest but once a Week, and if I shou'd
Meet with some young Fox-hunter in a Wood,
Tom, who knows all my Tricks, wou'd spoil our
Game,
Thrash me, perhaps ; and call me — what I am.

The Farm be hang'd. — A Woman of my Spirit
Confin'd to dirty Work ! — I cannot bear it.
I'll e'en stay here. — My Beauty, or my Wit
May get a Keeper Lord, or Husband Cit.
At worst, I'll be a Court-end Milliner ;
A Shop, and a First Floor, can't fail me there.
Where Beaux may find, if they're for Lace or Love,
Myself below — and a clear Stage above.



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Harry Lovejoy.</i>	Mr. Ryan.
<i>Heartly.</i>	Mr. Walker.
<i>Sir Lively Brainless.</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Tom.</i>	Mr. Salway.
<i>Lady Traffick.</i>	Mrs. Hallam.
<i>Angelina.</i>	Mrs. Buchanan.
<i>Lætitia Lovejoy.</i>	Mrs. Bullock.
<i>Betty.</i>	Mrs. Younger.
<i>Jenny.</i>	Miss Norfa.

Scene, London.

Time, from Morning to Evening.





THE
LADY's REVENGE:
OR,
The ROVER Reclaim'd.

A C T I.

Sir Harry discover'd, drinking Tea.

Lovely Morn! How gay the Prospect from this Window! The Park is now in all its Glory. How sweet the Air! Methinks, I feel myself renew'd. Let me indulge a while. This vernal Breath awakes my Senses, gives Vigour to my Understanding. O Joy, thou necessary Friend to Human Minds! Without thee, what were Life, attended even with all its Sweets! And yet how small a Part of Life dost thou fill up! [Pauses, and sips Tea]. What a subjected Thing is Man! — How soon he changes? A Breath of Wind too hot or cold; an ill-digested Meal, a Wish unsatisfy'd, in a Moment shall destroy this happy Turn of Mind.— And then— the Morn no longer

2 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*
longer lovely, the Prospect dull— tasteless the
Air! — If it was not for dear Woman.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Heartly* is come to Town, and
desires to know when he may wait on you.

Sir Har. Ha! *Heartly* come to Town! I am
glad on't. Here, *Tom*, my Service, and tell him
the sooner he comes the better.— An honest Fel-
low, this *Heartly*, but a little too scrupulous. He
denies himself the Pleasures of Life, from a Notion,
that unless the Law has prescrib'd the Manner of
using them, they ought not to be enjoy'd.

Enter Lætitia.

Læt. Good Morrow, Brother; I want some
Discourse with you: But you are so eternally taken
up, there's not an Hour free, to give Audience to
a Sister. I come to talk with you, about your Be-
haviour of late.

Sir Har. Pr'ythee, *Lætitia*, don't affect Gra-
vity. It becomes you as ill —

Læt. As it does you. But this is an Affair that
requires a serious Answer, which I desire therefore
you'll give me. What do you mean by your Ad-
dresses to *Angelina*? Do you really love her; or is
it mere Gallantry?

Sir Har. Before I give you a serious Answer, I
must desire to know the Reason of your asking.

Læt. I won't tell him *Angelina* has discover'd
her Passion for him to me; that would be unfair;
nor shou'd I like to be serv'd so myself. [*aside.*] —
Nay, nothing but Curiosity. You seem, of late, con-
trary to your usual Custom, to be very particular
to her, among other Ladies; and I own I love her
so, that I cou'd wish our Friendship were cement-
ed yet closer. That's all.

Sir

Sir Har. Well, Sister, to deal frankly with you, as much as I can love, I love *Angelina*. She has Youth, Beauty, good Sense, and Fortune; but so have a thousand other Women. Now whether these will always please in *Angelina*, as much as they do now, or whether I shall not want to try, if these Perfections will not please more in other Women, — Gad, I can't tell. — I'm of such a fluctuating Temper, I can't answer for myself long. — At present, I own I see her with a Lover's Eye.

Læt. Well, that's enough for me! 'Tis *Angelina*'s Business to keep you constant, when once she gets you.

Sir Har. I hope then you're satisfy'd. And now, Sister, give me Leave in my Turn to question you. — But first I must tell you *Heartly* is come to Town.

Læt. [aside] What does he mean? — Brother, I can't stay now: Some other Time. I must dress myself to meet *Angelina*. We are to go to the Auction together.

Sir Har. Nay, I shan't keep you long: I've only one Question to ask you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Heartly*'s below.

Sir Har. Shew him up. [Exit Tom.

Læt. Let me be gone. I would not for the World he should see me thus.

Sir Har. Methinks, you're well enough dress'd.

Læt. O fy, how can you say so?

Sir Har. Ah, *Lætitia*, this Delicacy discovers what you wou'd conceal.

Læt. I don't care what it discovers, so I get away. O Lud, I hear him coming. I won't stay one Moment. [Exit.

4 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Enter Heartly.

Sir Har. My dearest *Heartly*, I am overjoy'd to see you.

Hear. I do assure you, *Sir Harry*, I thought the Time long on many Accounts. But will you forgive me an abrupt Question? Was not that your Sister that left you, as I came up? I got a Glimpse as she shot along, and thought it was that dear Figure, whose Resemblance, still fresh in my Memory, during my Retirement, ever kept me Company.

Sir Har. It was indeed. But she was not well dress'd enough; she wanted a Pin, or a Patch, I suppose, or some such important Matter. A foolish Maxim in the Sex, *Ned*, always to appear to the best Advantage before Marriage. It makes the Difference but too sensible after, when we see and feel the Neglect.

Hear. The Reason of her going was however kind. But tell me, *Sir Harry*, are you a little more reconcil'd to old *England* than you was, when we last parted? Have our pretty Country-women made any Impression on your Heart?

Sir Har. My Heart, *Ned*, was ever soft, and will, like Wax, as easily take as lose an Impression. But I'm such a Convert to my Country-women's Charms, that I think they want nothing but a little more Gaiety and Life to make them as much more agreeable, as they are already more beautiful than those of other Nations.

Hear. This is something. I am pleas'd to see you can do Justice to your own Country.

Sir Har. Pr'ythee, dear *Ned*, for once lay aside thy Partiality to thy own Country. Look upon thyself as a Foreigner. That done, observe our charming Countrywomen, at a Visit or a Play; see how they sit with their Hands rivetted to their Fans,

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 5

Fans, and plac'd just in the Centre of their pretty Persons ; motionless, unless it be to display the Furbelows of that little Engine, and as silent.

Hear. You are the first that ever complain'd of that.

Sir Har. I'd have 'em speak in every Gesture. Give me a Woman, whose very Air and Manner speak, and are a tacit Confession that they have —

Hear. Have — what ?

Sir Har. What ? Why as much Inclination as Power to charm.

Hear. And have you found none such ? How did Sir *Peregrine's* Lady prove ? I think I left you hot in that charitable Pursuit. I don't expect to find you so now ?

Sir Har. Why faith, *Ned*, it wou'd be odd if you did. A beautiful Woman is like a well-wrote Book, every Leaf you turn over, at first affords new Pleasure ; but when you're forc'd to read it daily, from one End to the other, you'll find but little Inclination to begin again.

Hear. You're witty, Sir. But is this Argument only to hold good for the Men ? Have not Women the same Plea for Inconstancy ?

Sir Har. Ah, Friend ! That it was but so ! How happy should we be ! But there's a Fatality in the Way of loving, of the two Sexes, that renders both miserable. Enjoyment lessens our Passion, and increases theirs.

Hear. Then you was successful ? And now, like a restless Tyrant, despise your Conquest, and seek for new Acquisitions.

Sir Har. Successful ! Ay, that I was, to tell you a Secret, long before honest Sir *Peregrine* took a Bargain off my Hands, that began to puzzle me a little how to dispose of.

Hear. How, Sir *Harry* !

Sir Har. In few Words then, thus : Lady *Traf-*
fick,

6 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

fick, then *Lucia Belfast*, old Colonel *Belfast's* Daughter, was very pretty, I very amorous. Our Neighbourhood gave me many Opportunities of seeing her, which I improv'd, till at last I found myself tenderly beloved. I caught the Infection too, and doated on her; promised Marriage; which I intended to execute. The Saints in Heaven, and her Maid, were Witnesses to my Vows. *Lucia* thought the Security good, and delivered into my Arms the loveliest Person they had ever held. With Joy we often met, and with Reluctance parted, cursing the Day that came so soon, and oblig'd me to disappear, before any of the Family was up, but the trusty Maid. Much about this Time Sir *Peregrine* came down to *Lucia's* Father, fell in Love with the Daughter, ask'd her of him, and obtain'd her. She wou'd have declar'd our Affair, to avoid a Match she hated, and to have been mine, as I had promis'd; but having no great Stomach to the Match, and finding she wou'd not suffer in her Reputation by the Affair, I advis'd her to accept the Gentleman's Offer, in such a Manner, that she saw she must, or be undone. I own 'twas unkind. —— She did not see me for a long Time after she was married, and, I believe, never wou'd, had not her Husband's Affairs call'd him abroad.

Hear. And so, not content with forcing this fond Creature to give her Vows to a Man she hated, you forc'd her too, to violate those very Vows, and ——

Sir Har. Hold, *Ned*, not so fast. I did all I cou'd, indeed, but she was obstinate, and never wou'd. It was in vain to alledge former Intimacies; she wept, and answer'd me with her Husband, her Husband, at ever Word. Is it not odd, *Ned*, a Woman shou'd be constant to a Man she hates, and refuse one she loves?

Hear.

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 7

Hear. It may seem so to you. But People that think there is something beside Passion, that ought to be listen'd to, may, perhaps, be of a different Opinion. But now you mention her Husband, pray what's become of him?

Sir Har. Gone.

Hear. Gone! What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Har. Why gone—Gone to Heaven, Man.

Hear. What dead!

Sir Har. Ay, Sir.—And the generous, good-natur'd Creature, left his Widow all he had: If he had not, it would have been a heavy Tax on me.

Hear. 'Twas generous indeed. I heard he was a worthy Man.

Sir Har. Yes, faith, too worthy to make a Cuckold of.

Hear. Pr'ythee, be serious.

Sir Har. Why then, in few Words, — her Husband, Sir Peregrine's private Affairs, oblig'd him to go to *Leghorn*. These very private Affairs oblig'd him to leave that Place soon after, and make a short Voyage. Short, indeed, it was; for the Ship and Crew were all cast away on the Coast of *Barbary*, near *Sallee*. Like a prudent Man, he had made his Will before he went, and thus my Lady *Traffick* became a young and rich Widow. Now, Ned, you know a Woman can't hold out for ever against a Man she loves. Her Husband's Death left her without any Excuse, and her own Heart pleaded strongly for me. Then she hop'd too to make me more than ever fond, and like a fond Fool marry her. She took the wrong Method.—However our Commerce, which now I am very sorry for, was renewed again; again she trusted me, and was again deceiv'd.

Hear. So soon cool!

Sir Har. I should be tir'd of an Angel, unless she cou'd vary her Form. Like *Ovid*, I'm for the black,

8 *The LADY's REVENGE: Or,*

black, the fair, the plump, the lean, the tall, the short. All, all. — To be plain, I never saw a Woman, but had something pleasing in her.

Hear. Still wild and inconstant!

Sir Har. Ay, faith. And when I grow other-wise, it must be for a very bad Reason. Why, Sir, to shew you what a Man of Busines I am, I have at present an honourable Affair upon my Hands, which does not hinder me from amusing myself with my Mistress's Woman.

Hear. Thou art a bold Lover, faith.

Sir Har. Psha, psha, Women don't like one the worse for that.

Hear. But who is it that has kindled this honourable Flame in your Breast?

Sir Har. One that might warm a Hermit's frozen Breast. *Angelina.*

Hear. My Lord Lovewell's Daughter. I think she's an only Child. She must be rich.

Sir Har. Ay, Sir, she wants for nothing. Then, Sir, I have, which with all my Soul I wish I had not, this Lady *Traffick*, as troublesome as a Dun. when a Man has nothing to pay. — But this does not hinder me from laying close Siege to another, who is on the Point of dropping into my Arms. Young and pretty as an Angel.

Hear. But can this Angel vary her Form?

Sir Har. Time enough for that yet. She's a Virgin. O Ned, there's something so charming in the first Struggles of a young and yielding Heart! — We quarrelled last Night, which I am confident will advance my Affair more than the most favourable Opportunity wou'd.

Hear. Well, Sir, you are an Adept in the Mystery of Love. For my Part, I have but one Heart, and find one Mistress fills it quite up. Your Sister, Sir Harry, holds me at full Play. I came to Town once more, in order to try my Fate.

Sir

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 9

Sir Har. I wish you Success with all my Heart.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *Lively*, Sir, come to wait on you.

Sir Har. Cou'd the Coxcomb take no other Time? I wou'd enjoy thy Company now. Well, shew him up. Do you know him, *Heartly*?

Hear. I had some small Acquaintance with him before he went abroad.

Sir Har. A travell'd Coxcomb, with great good Nature, and very little Sense, by which you may judge of the Improvement he has made. A Scrap of a French Song, and a Coupee after *Marcel*, sum up his whole Character. Oh, here he is.

Enter Sir Lively, singing.

Sir Lively. *Vive le Printemps,*
Il rend le Cœur gay :
Le Mois des Amans
C'est le Mois de May.

Good Morrow, Knight! Mr. *Heartly* ---- This Rencontre is indeed fortunate. Sir, I am totally yours. — Hey, what's the Matter? Sir *Harry*, you look out of Sorts, discompos'd, or, as one might say, *Piqué*.

Sir Har. *Piqué*.

Sir Liv. Ay, *piqué*. Why, I own, I was a little severe upon you last Night before your Miftres; nay, and with her too. *Angelina* and I jok'd away. Ah Knight! 'Tis a witty Rogue.

Sir Har. Ay, Sir, so it seems, by the Choice she made of you to be witty with.

Hear. 'Twas prudently done. She'd a Mind to have all the Wit to herself.

Sir Liv. Prettily said! Now, by this Light, tho' he calls one Fool, I can't be angry with him. [aside] *Heartly*, thou hast Wit too. Well, I think

10 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

there are not three prettier Fellows in *England*. Pr'ythee let's form a Triumvirate together, and proscribe. I love proscribing dearly. We'll banish all Coxcombs out of the Mall.

Hear. Not all, Sir *Lively*.

Sir Liv. Thou shalt save a Friend, or so. All else.

Hear. And the Women! What will you do with them, Sir *Lively*?

Sir Liv. Sir *Harry* shall take Care of them. He has made the Sex his Study. He is a great Connoisseur that Way. He knows a Whore from a modest Woman, by her Looks only. Now, I am not so deep learn'd; for I think there's nothing so like a modest Woman as a Whore; and I am very apt to mistake one for t'other.

Sir Har. 'Twas a curs'd Mistake, Sir *Lively*, you made at *Paris*.

Sir Liv. Mum for that, dear Knight; spare your Friend. [Aside.]

Hear. Nay, no whispering, Sir. Come, come, what was that Mistake, Sir *Harry*?

Sir Har. Psha, a mere Trifle. A Lady of Quality in *France*, that was deeply in Love with Sir *Lively*, desir'd him to walk thro' a Common Sewer at Midnight, in order to skreen him from the Fury of an incens'd Husband, who unluckily returning from *Versailles*, had like to have surpriz'd him *dans la Ruelle de Madam*.

Hear. 'Twas unlucky indeed. But I hope, Sir *Lively*, you had been before-hand with him, and ha—ha —ha Rogue!

Sir Liv. Why faith, Ned, she was kind! 'Twas a dear Wench, split me.

Sir Har. The Knight says true. What with the Loss of his Cloaths, and Purse, and Surgeon's Bill, I believe it might have cost him about—let me see, — How many hundred Livres was it, Sir *Lively*? Sir

Sir Liv. S'life, he'll tell all, and I shall lose my Reputation with *Heartly*. — Her Husband was a damn'd Debauchée, a Man of Quality ! A Wife that has such a Husband, you know, is never safe. Faith, she made me weep to see the Concern she was under on my Account. She never minded herself, not she.

Sir Har. That I dare swear. She was too well season'd. 1

Sir Liv. Well, well, you will have your Jest. Nay, I can bear a Jest from a Friend. Sir Harry, where do you dine to Day ?

Sir Har. Come, come, that sha'n't save you. *Heartly* shall know all. This Lady's Husband, this Man of Quality, this damn'd Debauchée —

Sir Liv. Pox on him, I shall be quite undone, quite ruin'd.

Sir Har. Appeared in the *Tuilleries* the next Day, in the very Suit this jilting Whore, this Lady of Quality, I mean, had robb'd Sir *Lively* of, and was mistaken for him, by all the *English* of his Acquaintance.

Hear. How's this, Sir *Lively* !

Sir Liv. False, by this Light. Sir Harry's a *Railleur*, and is angry with me, because I'm better with *Angelina* than he. But I'll be even with him. I know what I know. Are you for a Turn in the Park this Morning, Gentlemen.

Hear. I would with all my Heart. But Sir Harry and I have some little Busines.

Sir Liv. Your Pardon, for having been thus long troublesome. We shall meet anon at *Angelina*'s. Sir Harry, I intend to dine there. I am welcome at all Hours. I receive vast Encouragement from her. But I won't teize you longer. Adieu. — Nay, you sha'n't stir.

Sir Har. I'll but wait on you to the Door.

12 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Sir Liv. Not a Step — by my Soul's soft Passion.— Adieu, my Dears. [Exit.]

Sir Har. At length we have shook off this Coxcomb. But he has staid so long, I have not Time to enjoy thy Company now. I must to Lady Traffick's, who keeps me to as strict Attendance, as it, 'fore Gad, I was her Husband.

Hear. And pray, Sir Harry, how d'you intend to dispose of this Lady?

Sir Har. Why, faith, Ned, I am a little puzzled as to that. I have not Ill-nature enough to forsake her, nor Complaisance enough to forsake my Pleasures for her. She knows my Love is at its lowest Ebb ; and that there is little left but Gratitude to keep it alive. And since that Time, what have I not suffer'd? To give you a Sketch of my Life with her, Each Day I see her, and each Day am regularly entertain'd with the same Reproaches.

— I hear myself accus'd as Author of her Ruin; my own Words, Words, which at certain Moments in my first Passion's Heat, or when compell'd by the fond Question, *Do you love, and will you ever love me?* — Words, which, indeed, I may have said, quoted back and retorted as so many Proofs of my Inconstancy. In short, my Temper's quite broke, quite wearied out with struggling. Neither Company nor Friends divert me. Were I to consult her Humour, I should never be from her. When I but miss a Day, there's no End of her upbraiding. A Recapitulation of all that has pass'd, from the first Moment of our Acquaintance, as surely follows, as such Recapitulation is follow'd by Tears, Threats, Passion, Hope, Despair, each in their Turn.

Hear. But I think you mention'd a Promise of Marriage. Her Husband's Death leaves that Promise still open, and renews the Justice of her Claim.

Sir

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 13

Sir Har. You would advise me, then, to marry
my ——

Hear. I know your Meaning — your ——
Give me Leave to ask you one serious Question.

Sir Har. Let it be a short one.

Hear. Does your Conscience never reproach
you?

Sir Har. Hold, Friend. If you love me, touch
not that String. It sounds harsh. I myself avoid
to touch it.

Hear. I've done. Time, and your own good
Sense, will make you reflect.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, Time's the best Remedy for
Distempers of this kind. Age and Impotence is
your only Specific for an Amorous Constitution.
But I must leave you now, Friend. It will be E-
vening before I can see you. Till then adieu. At
Angelina's.

Hear. I'll meet you. Adieu, Sir Harry.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.



A C T



ACT II.

Angelina's House.

Angelina rising from her Toilet, Betty standing by.

Ang. NO News of *Lætitia* yet? She promis'd
to come before this Time. *Betty*, what's
o'Clock?

Bet. Mem, you've your Watch by your Side.

Ang. Lord, that's true. I forgot it, I protest.
Well, I've the strangest Memory!

Bet. Ah, Mem, our Memory's very apt to
leave us, when something pertic'lar takes up all
our Thoughts.

Ang. Something pertic'lar! [Mimicks her.]

Bet. Nay, Mem, I beg your Ladiship's Pardon. I'm but a Servant; and Servants shou'd see no farther than their Mistresses please: but they will make Remarks sometimes.

Ang. They will so, ha? And — what may your wife Remarks infer, if I may be so bold?

Bet. Why, Mem, when your Ladiship spills your Tea, and scalds your Fingers, or beats your Dog for not making a Noise; when your Ladiship sighs, looks pensive, and talks to yourself, I conclude your Ladiship's in Love.

Ang. A very wise Conclusion, truly. And pray, Mem, has not your penetrating Brain discover'd the Object of my Affections?

Bet. O dear Mem! But will your Ladiship forgive me if I tell my Conjectures? Well, he's the sweetest

sweetest and most insinuating Gentleman; he's a Man for my Money.

Ang. He! What He? Whom does the Creature mean?

Bet. Mean, Mem! Who can I mean, but Sir Harry.

Ang. Sir Harry! — The Wench makes me uneasy. I don't know what to think of her Talk. — You seem mighty well acquainted with his Merit.

Bet. Better than she imagines. She'd be glad to know as much of him as I do, for all her demure Looks. Well, I'm resolv'd I'll make her tiff a little, for refusing me her cast-off quilted Petticoat. [aside] — O law, Mem, I mean no Harm. He only romp'd with me a little, and thrust his Hand —

Ang. You are very free with Gentlemen, methinks.

Bet. Nay, Mem, 'twas only down my Bosom a little: but it was to admire better the Fineness of the Edging of the last Tucker your Ladiship was pleas'd to give me. O Gemini, how my Heart did beat, and my Bosom swell! I'm sure if he had not press'd it down with his Hand, 'twould have burst my Stays. I was never in such a Taking before. I trembled every Joint of me. — Wou'd he had stopt there! [Sighs, aside.]

Ang. What's that you mutter between your Teeth?

Bet. Nothing, Mem, only Sir Harry told me he had some pretty French Trinkets, and if I would call at a Place I know, I should take my Choice.

Ang. So, and you went, be sure, Minx?

Bet. No indeed, Mem. — Would I had not. I had not then lost in one Minute, what I had been Years keeping, with much Pain and Difficulty, the Lord knows. [Sighs aside.]

Ang.

16 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Ang. Fetch me my Mantille.

[Walks about angrily.]

Bet. Yes, Mem. — She's rarely vex'd. — I'm afraid I've said too much. If she should really suspect me. [Aside.]

Ang. Stay. Is my laced Head come back from Mrs. Darnwell's yet?

Bet. No, Mem.

Ang. And why did not you fetch it? You're strangely heedless of late.

Bet. Mem, I did go, upon my Honour.

Ang. Your Honour! Hold your Prating, and get yourself ready. I'll walk to *Lætitia's*. [Exit *Bet.*] This Wench has been seduc'd too by that deceiving Man. So near me! Sure this would cure another Woman. May be so: But it won't cure me for all that. I have in me that Principle, which has ruin'd, and will for ever ruin those of our Sex, that trust in it. I've Vanity enough to think I can reclaim him. Fame speaks of him, as a Man that yields to none in Knowledge or true Worth; but all lies buried and absorb'd in that wild Bent his Temper has taken. Why then, foolish *Angelina*, dost thou love him, yet know him thus?

Enter Betty.

Bet. Mem, Mrs. *Lætitia* to wait on your Ladyship.

Enter Lætitia.

Læt. My dearest *Angelina*!

Ang. My wild Friend!

Læt. You seem disturb'd. What's the Matter, my Dear?

Bet. O nothing, Mem, only my Lady is tiff'd a little at something I told her about your Ladyship's Brother.

Ang. Peace, Impertinence, and leave the Room. This

This Girl is grown so confident, there's no enduring her. Well, my Dear, and how stands your Heart affected to your old Lover *Heartly*? He came to Town last Night, I hear.

Læt. Lover do you call him! 'Tis the coldest I ever saw. So grave a Lover must make a very stay'd Husband. I shall never endure him.

Ang. Oh, he'll mend upon your Hands. Would your wild Brother had some of his Staidness. I should like him the better for't.

Læt. Faith, so should not I. Give me a Husband, whose Behaviour would make me mistake him for a Lover. I hate those grave, matrimonial Fops, that take away one's Liking to Marriage, by preaching up the Solemnity of it.

Ang. Fye, my Dear, you make me blush.

Læt. Pretty *Angelina*, how that Blush becomes you!

Ang. *Lætitia*!

[Smiling.]

Læt. Oh, that Smile! There fell ten thousand Lovers; or would have fallen, had they been here.

Ang. You're strangely Romantic to-day, my Dear.

Læt. Ay, full of Life and Spirits. Are you for the Auction or the Park?

Ang. Which you will. You may there get rid, perhaps, of this Flow of Spirits.

Læt. Rather acquire more, from the Variety of Objects we shall meet there. Nothing so raises the Spirits, as a Crowd of gay Creatures fluttering about one.

Ang. You'll some time or other alter this wild Way of thinking, and find more Pleasure in the Conversation of one Man of Sense ——

Læt. Pr'ythee, *Angelina*, don't be so very wise. I tell you, the solemn Talk of one Man of Sense, is sometimes more tiresome than the Tittle-tattle of ten Fools.

Ang. Yes, in the Opinion of such a giddy Girl as you.

Enter Betty.

Bet. Mem, Mr. *Heartly's* below to wait on your Ladiship, and you, Madam, too.

Ang. Conduct him up.

Enter Heartly.

Mr. Heartly, you're welcome to Town.

Hear. Your most obedient humble Servant, Ladies. I ought, Madam, to make some Apology for this Visit. For, to be sincere, the whole of it was not design'd for you. [To *Angelina*.]

Ang. Lovers need make no Apologies. I take as much of it as was intended me.

Hear. [to *Læt.*] Madam, I would have done myself the Honour of waiting on you last Night, but it was so late when I arriv'd, I fear'd my Visit might have been unseasonable.

Læt. 'Tis as well as it is. All Times are equal to me.

Hear. To the Indifferent all Times, indeed, are equal. But you affect so total an Indifference, it scarce seems natural.

Læt. You may, perhaps, find it is, tho'. — I've a good mind to use him ill, for daring to think otherwise. [Aside.]

Hear. I have just now parted with Sir *Harry*, whom I find the very same I left him, as well as you, Madam. [To *Læt.*]

Ang. Mrs. *Lætitia* and I were just talking of going to the Auction. Will you go with us? We'll conclude with a Turn in the Park, and come home and dine at my House.

Hear. With all my Heart, Madam. But I believe 'tis too late for the first.

Ang.

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 19

Ang. We can but see. If it is, we'll take up with the Park. Come, my Dear, shall we go? Betty,

Enter Betty.

Do you stay at home.

[Exeunt.

Bet. Yes, Mem. If I am not mistaken, my dear Mistress, Sir Harry will cut you out Busines enough. Well, I shall have a happy Time on't, if they come together. I'm sure he likes me; and there is a secret Pleasure in rivalling one's Mistress. When my Lady's out of Humour, and scolds *Betty*, my Master, behind her Back, caresses *Betty*, and comforts her with kind Words, and something else. Oh the Sweets of such Revenge! Wou'd she'd scold me every Day. Well, I think a Lady's Woman, that's great with her Master, is the happiest Condition in Life. I promis'd him to call at Mrs. Darnwell's after Dinner. I know what he wants. I'm ready enough to go. 'Tis but the first Step that costs dear. When a Woman has once given up—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. *Betty*, your Lady wants to speak with you. She's waiting in her Chair, at the Door.

[Exeunt.

Lady Traffick's Lodgings.

Lady Traffick sola.

Not yet come! How slow we move when Inclination does not lead us! Can I remember with what Eagerness he us'd to fly to see me, and can I bear his Slowness now! Oh Love, fantastic Deity, or rather impotent and weak! Thou yield'st to every different Temper, and appear'st, not what thou art, in thy true Nature, but what Man's various Humour makes thee. When first our Bosomis

20 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

take thee in, thou seem'st, indeed, what flattering Poets call thee, gay, smiling, full of Tenderness and Truth. We promise ourselves thou art a Deity indeed, and, as a Deity, immortal and unchangeable: but soon, too soon, alas! thou sicken'st, the pleasing Warmth decays. Possession, thy proper Food, that which should nourish thee, kills thee. [Pauses, and looks out impatiently.] Not yet come! What can stay him! — What? — The first fair Face he meets. And yet he knows that I expect him; knows too that I'm distracted when he outstays his Time, or disappoints me. [Knocking without.] Ha, is not that he? It is. Now cannot I forbear to tell him how impatient I have been, tho' I know it will draw on some angry Words.

Enter Sir Harry.

You would be sorry, Sir *Harry*, to come a Moment before your Time. [In a kind Tone of Voice.

Sir Har. So, sits the Wind thus? — And you, Madam, to lose an Opportunity of making me some Reproach.

Lady Traf. The Reproach is rather kind than disobliging. — Another wou'd be pleas'd to be so reproach'd. [Soft.

Sir Har. Perhaps so.

Lady Traf. Perhaps so! Nay, 'tis so. Fye, fye, can you be angry that I long to see you? [Soft.

Sir Har. No, Madam. — Now shall I be persecuted with so much Fondness, that my Temper will never bear it, and I shall fly out. [Aside.

Lady Traf. That I bear your Absence with Pain, and that I wish to pass each Moment of my Life with you, I know it is a foolish Wish: But I must make it, tho' I know it shou'd offend you; and yet I am miserable when you are displeas'd.

Sir

The ROVER Reclaimed. 21

Sir Har. Why all this Tenderness for me ! Unhappy Lucia, wou'd I cou'd love thee as thou deserve'it.

[Aside.]

Lady Traf. Whence this Silence ? You seem uneasy. Shall I not share your Pain ?

Sir Har. Uneasy, Madam !

Lady Traf. Why do you echo thus my Words ? and with such cold Formality ? Uneasy, Madam ! Have I no other Name, no softer Appellation ? There was a Time I had. — Then 'twas dearest Lucia, my Life, kind Lucia. — Such Words, and such a Tone of Voice, — an Angel wou'd have fallen.

[Turns her Head aside, and holds her Handkerchief to her Eyes.]

Sir Har. She weeps ! — Nay, give not Way to such a Weakness. You hurt yourself. In what am I chang'd ? Have I not still the same Regard I ever had ? Is there a Person I esteem like you ?

Lady Traf. Regard, Esteem ! And is that all ? Is there no Love left ? [angrily] Keep your Regard and your Esteem, and give 'em to your Friends ; [softly] your Mistress ought to share your softer Sentiments. And I have quitted all, to share those softer Sentiments, and would, were it to do again. — Will you then rob me of the Price of such a Sacrifice, and pay me with Regard, Esteem !

Sir Har. You still misconstrue what I said. Can there be Love without Esteem, without Regard ? We differ but in Words.

Lady Traf. And why not call it Love ? Is there any thing frightful in the Word ?

Sir Har. Well, call it Love. How weak you Women are ? Each idle Fancy swells into a Truth with you, when some one pettish Humour which you have, is pleas'd to shew itself. Let a Man act with the most strict Regard, to all the Ties of Honour

Honour

22 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Honour and Conscience, fails he but in one little trifling exterior Mark of Tenderness, (when, perhaps, he is of a Temper not apt to be fond) 'tis as if he had done nothing. No Regard is had for what he does. The little he omits, has only Power to make Impression on your Minds. 'Tis such a Weakness.—One of your Sense, *Lucia*, should be above those little Follies of your Sex.

Lady Traf. Had you not us'd me to those little Follies of my Sex, as you call them, to those trifling Marks of Tenderness, I had ne'er expected 'em; nor felt the Want of 'em now. But when I think on what you once was —

Sir Har. There 'tis again: If a Man once fool's away an idle Hour in soft Careffes and fond Blanchiments, in the Beginning of an Amour, or when the Blood boils high, he must be ever after toying, ever fooling, or there is no Quiet for him, and he must expect to be baited and reproach'd as I am.

Lady Traf. False and scandalous Accusation! made only to colour your violated Faith, and Breach of Truth. You accuse us only, when you know yourselves are false. Because we love with greater Truth, and that our Passions grow, while yours decrease and lessen by Possession, you cry out with a saucy Insolence, and Shew of Wisdom, Must we be for ever toying, ever fooling? As if those little Marks of Fondness and Affection that Lovers give and take, were a Disgrace to your superior Natures, and a Weakness scarce tolerable in ours. Curse on your false, dissembling Arts! You can employ those little Marks of Fondness and Affection; you can fool and toy away not Hours, but Days and Months, when you'd inspire us with a Passion for you. How well you act, when you'd seduce us! You are more fond and foolish even than we; or seem so, the better to deceive us. You fawn like Spaniels, and lick the Foot
that

that spurns you. Whilst we, pleas'd with a Shew of Tenderness, that flatters our Weakness, suspect no Guile ; receive you as welcome Guests, and cherish you with still encreasing Love.

Sir Har. Proceed, Madam, I hear you.

Lady Traf. Your Empire settled o'er us, you shew yourselves. First you begin to languish, and grow tir'd in our Company ; you want Diversion to relieve your Minds. As we love you with unfeign'd Affection, and prefer your Pleasures to our own, we bear your Absence, in that View, with Satisfaction. That Point gain'd, you go on farther. A Coolness succeeds. Our Beauties fade in your Eyes, want Edge for your pall'd Appetites : Faintly you deny it ; and, to excuse yourselves, you tell us, Love's a Passion that ought not to make the Busines but the Amusement of Life, and shou'd be never suffer'd to grow serious.

Sir Har. Pray, Madam, go on.

Lady Traf. Our Minds affected by such new and unknown Doctrine, we reproach you. Our Reproaches, arm'd with Truth, perplex and gaul you, and at last beget Aversion in you ; which once born, never dies. Your Aversion draws new Reproaches from us, and our Reproaches strengthen your Aversion ; 'till at last, Love long since fled, Pity forsakes you too. You leave the miserable Wretch, you made so, to Sorrow and Repentance ; to dear-bought Experience, Guilt and Shame ; unable to conquer her Passion, and condemn'd never to have it repaid.

Sir Har. What a deal of Truth she utters ! That so much Sense, and such Experience, should not be able to get the better of her Passion ! [aside.] Well, *Lucia*, is there any thing more ? I'm attentive.

Lady Traf. No, I've done. Perhaps I've said too much. I know such Plain-dealing is odious to you,

24 *The LADY'S REVENGE: OR,*

you, and banishes you hence. — I'm more concern'd at the cool Blood with which he has heard me, than at the Heat he us'd to shew. [aside.] — Perhaps you're offended. Come, you must forgive me. 'Tis much against my Will; but I am as full of Weakness, as of Love, and merit more your Pity than your Anger.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. Madam, Dinner waits you.

Lady Traf. Come, Sir *Harry*.

[Exit.]

Sir Har. I'll follow you. What can I do? Go on in this uncomfortable Way! Impossible. — I'm now so us'd to her Person, she moves me no more than if I had lost my Faculties: And yet to an impartial Eye, she has all that Man can wish in Form and outward Shew. The Fault's not on my Side neither; if I can't taste her Beauties, 'tis no Defect of Appetite; a coarser Meal goes down. — A pretty Wench, this. How long hast thou been here, Child?

Jen. But this Morning, Sir.

Sir Har. Now am I mad for this Wench, and every Wench I see. What strange Stuff am I made of!

[Aside.]

Jen. The Gentleman talks to himself; sure he's mad. I'll in and tell my Lady.

[Exit.]

Sir Har. This Wench runs strangely in my Mind. I must talk to her a little.

[*Turning about, before he is quite turned, he says these Words, as to the Maid.*]

Enter Lady Traffick.

And so, Child, you came hither but this Morning?

Lady Traf. No, Sir. But my Lady says she'll turn me away before Night, for fear you should ruin me as you've done her.

Sir

Sir Har. [starts] Ha, Lucia! — You see, Child, I was talking to your Maid. I love to see human Nature in all its Shapes. You know my Humour.

Lady Traf. I'm not to learn it now. But come, Sir Harry, let's go in to Dinner. Nay, I'll not trust you ; you're such a Rover, you must be kept within Sight.

*When once the Heart its native Home forsakes,
And a new Mistress the Possession takes,
In vain we'd call the little Wanderer back,
Like Stars once shot, it leaves no certain Track.*

END of the SECOND ACT.



E A C T



A C T III.

Sir Harry and Lady Traffick rising from Table.

Sir Har. **Y**OU've entertain'd me nobly, *Lucia* ;
 you grow prodigal.

Lady Traf. To whom then should I lavish what
I have but you ? Can I too well receive you ? What
is there I would not sacrifice for you ? I'd part even
with Life, cou'd it procure a Moment's Pleasure
to you, or remove a Moment's Pain.

Sir Har. Nay, that wou'd be too much. I am
not so voluptuous, tho' you often reproach me
with my Pleasures ; nor so afraid of Pain, as to
purchase one, or avoid the other, at so dear a
Price.

Lady Traf. Well, I cou'd give it tho'. But
come, Sir *Harry*, I know you love a Song, and I
am always happy when I can give you any Satis-
faction. My Maid shall entertain you with one.
She has both Taste and Voice.

Jenny sings.

*Ungrateful Youth, whom still,
In spite of all, I love ;
In vain you use me ill,
My Grief, not Hate, you move.
Love's Dart,
Forc'd from the Heart,
Behind it leaves unending Smart,*

Then

*Then gentler Means employ,
Hard-hearted, cruel Boy ;
Or give me leave
To love and grieve
And with false Hopes my Pains deceive.
For Hope alone can ease
A Heart that can no longer please.*

Sir Har. I need not ask whose Words these are.
[Sir Harry looks at his Watch, then says aside.] The Time of my Appointment's come.

Lady Traf. So soon !

Sir Har. Did not I tell you I must leave you soon ?

Lady Traf. Yes. But I did not think 'twou'd have been quite so soon.

Sir Har. Something of Consequence, I can't neglect, obliges me to go. *Heartly*, that Friend I've often mention'd to you, waits for me at my Lodgings.

Lady Traf. When shall I see you again ?

Sir Har. Perhaps this Evening. But To-morrow without fail. Adieu.

Lady Traf. Will you then go ?

Sir Har. I must.

Lady Traf. You shall — but — can't you stay a little longer ?

Sir Har. I understand her well, but have another, newer Call at present. [aside.] For what ? That Time gone, you'll still ask more, and more. I know you, you'll be as unwilling in an Hour, to let me go, as you are now. You are too kind.

Lady Traf. No, by Heaven. Stay but a little longer, and I will let you go.

28 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Sir Har. I cannot stay one Moment now, but I'll return this Evening. Upon my Honour I will.

Lady Traf. Well, go then. Yet I cou'd wish you wou'd stay. Something within me tells me I'm ruin'd, lost for ever, if you go.

Sir Har. Fye, such Weakness becomes a Girl. Go to your Harpsichord, and raise your Spirits. I'll be with you in an Hour. [Exit.]

Lady Traf. [strikes the Chords.] The Strings, like me, are out of Tune. I cannot play. I know not what it is that sinks me thus at once. Methinks I am going to lose him for ever. Ha, what's this! A Letter! directed to Sir Harry! A Woman's Hand too.—O my Heart! [Reads.]

YOU left me Yesterday in Anger, because I would not ruin myself for ever. How could you be so barbarous! For well you knew, should I consent, I am lost for ever.

Lost indeed, if you consent. O Villain! Will not one Victim suffice? But let's see farther:

I can bear any Thing but your Anger: Tho' your Smiles are yet more dangerous; for then 'tis hard, hard to resist you.

Poor Creature! Thou art on the Brink of Ruin. Thou stand'st upon a Precipice. Thou seest the Danger, yet avoid'st it not:

My Aunt is gone out. I dare not see you at her House in her Absence. Be at Mrs. Darnwell's, and I'll meet you there. I'll go affoon as this Letter will be delivered to you. I am, I fear too much yours,
Maria.

I fear so too. But hold, I may prevent her Ruin yet. I'll after him, and my by Presence confound him. —— Perhaps, enrag'd, he may abandon me. No Matter. Within —— Jenny.

Enter Jenny.

Get me my Things ready, and order my Chair immediately. [Exit.]

Scene *Mrs. Darnwell's.*

Enter Sir Harry and Tom.

Sir Har. Sirrah, do you wait below. [Exit *Tom*] Whither am I going, and for what? To take Advantage of a Weakness which a young and innocent Creature has for me. To rob her of the Calm she now enjoys, and fill her Breast with Tumult and Disorder. To make those Eyes ere long o'er-flow with Tears, that us'd to smile in Innocence; and all to gratify a brutal Appetite, which I could gratify another Way, and without Prejudice to her. Why what a Villain am I! No sooner will she have given up her last and dearest Stake, but she will give a Loose to all those warm Desires, that yet lie smother'd in her Breast. Desire fed, grows strong and violent. No Tie, no Restraint then. Warm — tender — fond — Ha! The Thought transports me. To see the first hard Struggles 'twixt Modesty and Love! To see her trembling with Desire, afraid to shew it, and yet shewing it thro' all. By Heaven there's not a Joy in Life that equals such a Scene. But then the following Scene! To see her drown'd in Tears, regretting what she has done. Hiding her Eyes, not daring to look up, and conscious that she's not what she was, yet charm'd with what she is; for Love will conquer. I will not think on't. Futurity must answer

30 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

fwer for itself; the present Time must be pass'd away. The Scene of Life must shift, or we sleep; but — —

Enter Maid.

Maid. Sir, there's a Lady within, that desires to speak with you.

Sir Har. I come. Well, these are the most convenient Houses, a Man cou'd wish to have. The Thoughts of a private House has brought more young Girls to their Ruin, than the Fear of being seen in a publick one has kept from it. [Exeunt.]

Scene Angelina's House.

Enter Angelina and Sir Lively.

Sir Liv. 'Tis strange, Madam, you won't believe me, when I know it so well. I tell you, at this very Moment he is at a certain Place I can name you, with a Lady.

Ang. What is it to me where he is, [Peevishly] or with whom. — Yet I long to know the Truth.

[Aside.]

Sir Liv. If I can but persuade her to go, and do but catch him there, I shall be reveng'd of him for this Morning's Raillery. [Aside.] — Nay, nay, Madam, you shall go, and surprize him, 'Twill be most excellent Diversion. I can't help smiling at the Thoughts of his Confusion. Have you no Curiosity, Madam?

Ang. More than I shall discover to you. [aside] — That, Sir *Lively*, our Sex, you know, never wants.

Sir Liv. Then, Madam, to engage you to go, I'll lay a Wager with you. D'you see this Snuff-Box? It cost me forty Loui's at *Paris*; 'tis finely fancied, and most excellently wrought. Look at it, Madam. I'll wager this Box against the Qua-drille

drille Set you bought this Morning, that if we go,
we find him *Tete a Tete* with ——

Ang. You'll lose, Sir *Lively*.

Sir Liv. No matter, Madam, I'll venture.

Ang. Well, if you will be so rash.— But under
what Pretence can we go to this House, Sir *Lively*?

Sir Liv. Why, Madam, 'tis only asking Mrs.
Lætitia to go with you to Mrs. *Darnwell's* to see
some Lace. For the rest you must trust to Chance.

Ang. Mrs. *Darnwell's*! She's my Milliner.

Sir Liv. Lucky, beyond Expectation! Why
you may question her the more easily, and with the
less Suspicion.

Ang. Nay, that wou'd seem too curious in me,
as it is but to rally that Indifference he affects, that
I should desire to catch him there, too particular
an Inquiry wou'd make him think oddly of me.

Sir Liv. Catch him there! I cou'd give you five
hundred Instances of it. Why, Madam, I've
known him been oblig'd to jump out of a Win-
dow five Stories high, at *Paris*, on an unexpected
Return of a Husband or Lover.

Ang. Five Stories high, Sir *Lively*! What sort
of a Lady must that have been, that lodg'd so
high?

Sir Liv. A Woman of Quality, upon my Ho-
nour. A Countess, Madam. In *Paris* I've known
many a Countess and Marquise lodge in a *Cin-
quième*, egad, and glad to lodge there too.

Ang. Fye, fye, Sir *Lively*, you wrong the *French*.

Sir Liv. Why, Madam, would you believe it;
he had the Assurance to rival me—— me, Madam.

Ang. I'm surpriz'd, indeed, Sir *Lively*, you two
should enter into Competition in any thing.

Sir Liv. Ah, Ma--dam.

Ang. But see, Mr. *Heartly* and *Lætitia*; they
come *a propos* to go with us.

Enter Heartly and Lætitia.

My Dear, I was going to Mrs. Darnwell's. She sent me Word she had a fresh Cargo of Lace, just arriv'd. Will you go?

Læt. Any thing, to get rid of this tormenting Creature. He has so tiez'd me with Darts, that I shall never see him, but I shall think of the Picture of St. Sebastian we saw this Morning, stuck all over with Darts.

Hear. With all my Heart, Madam; provided that Thought give Birth to another; I mean the Recompence for his Sufferings. Nothing less than the Joys of Paradise.

Læt. Come, my Dear, [interrupting] let's go, or I shall be turn'd into a Paradise in an Instant, and be claim'd by him as a Reward for his Sufferings. — Is it not so? — Nay, don't answer me, for I won't hear it.

Ang. Come, Mr. Heartly, you shall answer her as we go along.

Hear. Mrs. Darnwell's! Ha, is not that a House Sir Harry makes Use of on particular Occasions? That Rogue, Sir Lively, has been prating; he mutter'd something this Morning of what he knew. Hark'ee, Sir Lively, prevent their going, or by Heaven I'll cut your Throat.

Sir Liv. I prevent it! How can I? — prevent it! — No, no, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Hear. Well, Sir, you may repent it tho'.

Sir Liv. All's one for that, Ned.

Ang. What say you, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. Madam, I'll wait on you. But had not we better first send to Sir Harry? Perhaps he'll go with us.

Ang. Heartly wou'd prevent our going. Nay, then 'tis true.— Generous Friend! — No, I think we

we may as well go without him. He does not understand Lace.

Hear. As well as I do, Madam, at least.— Prevent their going, Madam, [to *Læt.*] if possible. I can't tell you now my Reasons: But be assur'd, Sir Harry will thank you, if you do.

Læt. Now I think on't, my Dear, I can't go, nor you neither.

Ang. I shan't stay. Come, Sir *Lively*, you and I will go. They want to be left alone.

Læt. Nay, then we'll all go. [Exeunt.]

Scene Mrs. Darnwell's.

Enter Tom and Betty.

Tom. I tell you, Child, my Master is engag'd, and you positively cannot see him.

Bet. And I tell you, Sir, that if your Master was ten times more engag'd, I must and will see him. But pray, Sir, how long have you and I been so well acquainted? [Pulls him by the Sleeve.] Child, is a pretty familiar Expression. You use no Ceremony, I see, with your Betters.

Tom. Betters! What does the Baggage mean? Because my Master does her the Honour to take a little Notice of her, she thinks herself exalted a Degree above one of her own Rank.— Betters, Mrs. *Betty*! Why, I don't know, but methinks there's no such great Difference between us. I'm Valet to a very fine Gentleman, and Inheritor of all his Vices, you Waiting-Woman to a very fine Lady, and Possessor in full of all her Follies and Affectionations. So that as our Rank in Life is equal, and our Qualifications pretty much the same, I own I want Eyes to see the wide Difference you wou'd put between us.

Bet. The Fellow says true. A good genteel

F

Person.

34 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Person. But then he's a Footman. Foh, how rank that smells! A Girl that has once tasted of Gentility, can never sink down to the mottly Tribe; at least it ought to be the last Stake she plays.—

Well, Sir, will you be pleas'd to tell your Master I have something to communicate to him.

Tom. Communicate to him! How eloquent an Intrigue with a Gentleman makes a Chamber-maid.

Bet. You grow saucy, Friend.

Tom. Come, come, Mrs. *Betty*, for once hear Truth, however disagreeable it may sound. What can you propose by being acquainted with a Gentleman? If you mean no Harm, 'tis playing with edg'd Tools. You may hurt yourself, tho' but in Play. And if you shou'd, as insensibly you may go too far, the utmost you can pretend to rise to, is to be his —— And for how long Time? A Month, two, three, a Year, suppose. At the End of which he leaves you, perhaps, with Child. Return to Service! No. You're above it. You change Masters till you've serv'd all the Town, and your Wages are Infamy and Diseases. —— Nay, Mrs. *Betty*, 'tis wholesome Physick, and, if you take it, may make you well again.

Bet. I cou'd cry for Madness. But I don't care; I'll never mend, when I'm told of my Faults in so gross a Manner.

Tom. Whereas, if you give Way to a Passion with one of equal Rank with you, his Designs, at least, are honourable. He will not presume above what he may reasonably expect. He'll court you for a Wife; and if he has deserved well of his Master, and you of your Mistress, they'll make you a Present that may enable you —

Bet. To set up a Chandler's Shop, and live upon selling of Half Pennyworth's of Small-Beer, and

and Quarters of Ounces of Tea. Foh, What a Life! But before we arrive to this charming State, this envied Period of Servitude; what Dangers do we not run thro'? If our Masters or Mistresses discover we are married, Warning is immediately given, and we must provide for ourselves. If they know nothing of it, we find so many Excuses to get out to see each other, and stay so long when we are sent on Errands, that we are sure to be turn'd away. And then farewell all Hopes of this noble Settlement. We live in a Garret, breed like tame Rabbits, wear out the Cloaths we got in Service, and having no Money to buy more, stink in coarse Rags, and mutually curse each other, to the melodious Concert of half a Dozen squalling Brats about our Ears.

Tom. Well, Mrs. *Betty*, you may be as witty as you please, but give me leave to tell you—

Bet. I have not done yet. I heard you out, now hear me. I'll grant you, a Chambermaid loses her Character the other Way; but if she has any Beauty, and Wit to make the most of it, it will go hard if she do not make it worth her while. And Money, Mr. *Thomas*, you know, hides a great many Faults. Then the Elegancies of Life wipe away a Spot in one's Character; or at least make one bear with it. Good Cloaths, Meat, Drink, Diversions! To rise from a low State to an Affluence of Fortune and Pleasure, at least to her. Oh! the Joy's not to be describ'd, one must feel it. After all, one can at last match with one's Equal. He'll be glad to have us, if we bring our Welcome with us. He won't be so nice as to refuse a handsome Suit of Cloaths, because it has been a little soil'd; and we may, perhaps, be enabled to carry on a genteeler Profession than a Chandler's Shop.

36 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Tom. Well, Mrs. *Betty*. — [Bell rings] Oh, my Master rings. If you'll step in here, I'll tell him you're below. [Exit.]

Bet. I follow you. I can but take up with this Fellow at last. I'll try first what I can do with the Master. For to own a Truth, I have Ambition in me, and that is as difficult to be laid. — O lud, what am I going to say.

[Exit.]

An upper Room in Mrs. Darnwell's House.

Enter Sir Harry, speaking as he comes on.

Sir Har. Adieu, my dearest Angel. Our Absence shall not be long. — So that Affair's over, and now, with the Poet, I may say ;

*Round my gay Temples the wreath'd Laurel twine,
For I have conquer'd, and Corinna's mine.*

S'death, what a Beauty 'tis !

Enter Tom.

Well, Sir.

Tom. Sir, Mrs. *Betty*, Lady *Angelina*'s Woman, is below, and desires to see your Honour.

Sir Har. And you told her, I suppose, my Honour was here.

Tom. I thought you expected her.

Sir Har. Why so I did, Rascal, but something has interven'd. I will not see her.

Tom. I'll tell her so.

Sir Har. Tell her what you will, and leave me. [Exit Tom.]

Re-

Re-enter Tom, followed by Betty.

Tom. Sir, I met her coming up, and she wou'd not take my Answer.

Bet. [after standing a while, looking at Sir Harry.] And so, Sir, you are not at Home for me. I suppose that Flirt that went from hence in a Chair, is the Cause of your using me so. But I'll be even with her. If I ever meet her again, I'll tear her Eyes out, proud Minx.

Sir Har. Don't be in a Passion, Child, 'twill spoil your pretty Face.

Bet. Stand off, I hate you.

Sir Har. You lie, Hussey, you don't.

Bet. I do. I'll never see you more.

Sir Har. One Kiss at parting.

[In an affected Tone.

Bet. Psha, let me alone, be quiet.

Sir Har. Another. — S'death how she fires me! Will nothing tame me?

Bet. I protest I'll cry out,

Sir Har. You'd be sorry any Body should hear,

Bet. Lard, there's such a Wind comes in at that Door.

Sir Har. I'll shut it.

Bet. No. — [Looking towards the Bed-Chamber.

Sir Har. Oh, I understand her. [aside.] We shall be warmer in the inner Room, Child.

Bet. Is there a Fire there?

Sir Har. Ask no Questions. Go see. [Exit Betty.] What unnecessary Business I bring upon myself! Oh, for some lucky Interruption! — I would not lose her neither. She'll serve for idle Hours.

Enter Tom.

Tom. O Sir, undone, ruin'd!

Sir Har. What's the Matter?

Tom.

38 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Tom. Lady Traffick, Sir !

Sir Har. And what of her, Blockhead ?

Tom. Is just getting out of her Chair, and is now coming up Stairs. I hear her, Sir. [Exit,

Sir Har. Hell and the Devil ! What can be the meaning of her coming ? Some Fit of Jealousy. I'll carry it with a high Hand. This is an Interruption with a Vengeance.

*Enter Lady *Traffick,*

Madam, you expose yourself too much.

Lady Traf. I know it, Sir,

Sir Har. Why then do you do it ?

Lady Traf. Because I care not what I do.

Sir Har. You know it is of Consequence that our Affair should be conceal'd. There was a Time when you had some Regard for me.

Lady Traf. There was a Time when you deserv'd it.

Sir Har. What means this Change of Humour ? I left you in good Temper.

Lady Traf. You did so ; but left something that soon destroy'd it.

Sir Har. I understand you not. I'm tir'd of these cross Purposes. Wou'd you be plain, I shou'd know what to answer.

Bet. [within] Sir Harry, Sir Harry !

Sir Har. So, damn'd Schriech Owl !

Lady Traf. Pray, Sir, go in, —— Cruel Conviction ! [Aside,

Sir Har. My Sister's Maid, Mrs. Darnwell's her Milliner. She sent her for something she wanted, I suppose. An impertinent Jade to name me.

Lady Traf. Why, what an enormous Villain you are ! I hope I shall despise you e'er I go from hence.

Bet. [within] Why, Sir Harry, will you come ?

[Enters, and starts.
Sir

Sir Har. Well, Child, have you got what you wanted?

Bet. What I wanted?

Sir Har. Ay, ay, what you came for.

Bet. No, I have not got what I came for, nor am I like, there are so many Pretenders.

Lady Traf. Hence, trifling Wretch! Tho' I despise you, you are scarce safe.

Bet. Who are you, pray? [Pertly.]

Sir Har. Be gone, Child. Some other Time I'll satisfy you. You see the Occasion is not favourable.

Bet. Well, I'll go. But if e'er I come again, you sha'n't serve me so. [Exit.]

Lady Traf. Do, tell her some kind Thing, to sooth her in her Disappointment. How many miserable Hours have you made me pass, and not one kind Word or Look to make Amends. What a Monster of Ingratitude are you? Am I distinguish'd but by harder Usage? Cruel Comparison! 'Tis more than I can bear.

Sir Har. What mean you? 'Tis more than you can bear! Supposing all that you suspect were true, can such a trifling Creature make you jealous?

Lady Traf. No. But she that wrote this can.

[Gives a Letter.]

Sir Har. Ha, curs'd Negligence! Nay, then our Rupture's sure. —— No matter. [Aside.]

Lady Traf. What have you now to say? Boast, boast your mighty Conquest! Tell me, how you have seduc'd a Virgin Heart, already undermin'd by natural Softness. Say, I am come too late to prevent her Ruin; say, she has yielded up all. I know she has; I see it in your Eyes. They triumph in your cruel Victory. Base, base Man! I can forgive your wronging me. By Heaven, I do forgive it. Time and Use have made unhappy me

40 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

me disagreeable, and plead Excuse for wronging me. But her! — Your Breast still warm, your Eyes still languid, just rising from her Arms, that press'd you (I know it by myself) with killing Fondness! In such Circumstances as these, and the next Moment too, false to her! And with whom? A little leud Chamber-maid.

Sir Har. How her Words sting me! How hateful I must needs appear. But I must not let her see it. She will insult too much. [Aside.] — Well, Madam, you see there are Women in the World, young and handsome too, that like me with all my Faults.

Lady Traf. 'Tis false; they know you not. You appear an Angel to them, while in Fact you are a Devil. You shew not your true self at first. You would not then be able to deceive so many. [Sighs.] Some, indeed, even then you might deceive. But you are more cunning than to trust to that. You make your Conquest sure, then shew yourself. The humble, fearful, modest Suppliant, at last becomes a haughty and imperious Tyrant. Not the least Humour of this mighty Monarch must be thwarted then. His very Caprices must be respected. Ill Usage must be return'd with Cheerfulness; nay, we must not sigh nor weep, tho' our Hearts break. Should we or sigh or weep, he flies, he will not see us; or, if he condescends to see us, 'tis not to look with Pity on our Weakness or our Sufferings, 'tis to behold 'em with a stony Heart, and barbarously urge us with unrelenting Obsturacy, that our Passions growing too violent for our weak Frames, we sink beneath the killing Weight.

Sir Har. Why then do you love this cruel Tyrant?

Lady Traf. Why, indeed! Oh give me Patience! The Question well becomes you: but 'tis the Weakness of our Nature. I'll tell you, Sir;

we

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 4t

we can't confine our Thoughts to what we suffer with you ; that indeed might cure us. But we let 'em loose, and they bring back to our charm'd Senses former Scenes of Joy. There, there we fall. Our Passions catch the Alarm ; we wake from present Misery, by reflecting on past Happiness. Our Passions prompt us to believe, that Happiness may still return. We credit what we wish ; the fond Delusion charms us, and we still love on.

Sir Har. But when you know it is in vain.

Lady Traf. I understand you, Sir. I know it is in vain. Insulting Man ! You might have spar'd me that Knowledge. —— Where's that Pride that so becomes a Woman !

Sir Har. Hold, Madam, hear me in my Turn. I lov'd you, by Heaven 'tis true. I lov'd you with Sincerity. Your Person and your Mind engag'd me wholly. I thought I cou'd for ever love you, and none but you. I deceiv'd myself as well as you.

Lady Traf. You may spare the rest. It is enough you slight me. I ask not why. I can dispense with the ungracious Tale. You'll tell me I have been too fond ; I know I have ; but hate to hear it, since 'tis so ill repaid. Wou'd I had never shewn it.

Enter Tom with a Letter, which Lady Traffick snatches from him.

Sir Har. Hold, Madam, ere it be too late. If you read it, I'll never see you more.

Lady Traf. I care not.

Sir Har. Yet be advis'd.

Lady Traf. Never.

Sir Har. Then hear me, Madam. Such Usage as this, had I ruin'd you a thousand times, as you are pleas'd to call it, I would not bear. All friendly Offices you may expect from me, but no more

G

Love,

42 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Love. Your Fame and Person I'll protect from Scandal and from Violence. Farther, Madam, tho' you should repent this Indiscretion, 'tis in vain henceforth to hope from me. [Exit.

Lady Traf. Ha, gone! I know he wants but an Opportunity to break with me. Why let him take it. I can ne'er regain his Love, and to share him with another, or see him kind to me out of Compassion! — Death, how contemptible that Thought makes me. Revenge is yet within my Power, and I will push it as far as Woman's Malice or Disappointment can carry me. [Reads.

Dear Sir Harry,

*S*ome Moments since I thought myself the happiest of my Sex: But how uncertain is our Fate! I'm now the most wretched. I've just receiv'd a Letter from my Father, by which I find I am to be dispos'd of to another. Assist me with your Counsel, and if you love me, free me from this bated Match; for I can never be any thing but yours,

Maria.

Poor Innocence! Read here your Fate. In me behold what you will be. But this is no Time for such Reflections. Here I'll begin my Course of Revenge. I'll undeceive her first. Let him change as often as he pleases, I'll cross him in all his Amours, and pursue him like his evil Genius. He shall not enjoy one easy Moment. If he e'er thinks of Marriage, I'll renew my Claim there too, and have at least the Satisfaction to render his Love as unsuccessful as my own. [Going.

Enter Betty.

This Creature here! — Hold, she may be of Service.

Bet.

Bet. I must dissemble, tho' I hate the Sight of her. [Aside.] — Mem, I beg you'd forgive the Boldness of my Intrusion; but I hope the News I have to tell you, will plead for my Excuse.

Lady Traf. Speak.

Bet. Your Pardon, Madam, if before I go on, I take the Liberty to suppose Sir Harry is something to you.

Lady Traf. Proceed, Child, and don't be afraid.

Bet. Base Man, to wrong so good a Lady! You must know then, Madam, that I am Woman to Lady Angelina.— You have heard of her.

Lady Traf. Yes. But what does all this signify to me?

Bet. Have Patience, Mem, and you shall know. The Intimacy Sir Harry's Sister has with my Lady, brought him first to our House. As he is a very agreeable Gentleman, it was not long before I perceiv'd my Lady grew uneasy and restless, averse to Company, which she us'd to like, and, in short, never pleas'd but when she was talking of him, or else in his Company. Not to detain you longer, he makes honourable Love to her, and I believe 'twill be a Match. Now, Mem, if Sir Harry is engag'd to you, 'tis base in him to pretend Love to my Lady, and deceive you. As I hate false Men, and could not bear to be deceiv'd myself, I came to acquaint you how wicked a Man he is, and give you a Caution against his flattering Tongue.

Lady Traf. Ha, 'twill be a Match, say you?

Bet. Yes, Mem. — It works sweetly. I'll teach him to serve me so. [Aside.] — Mem, have you any farther Commands for me?

Lady Traf. Hold, let me think.

Bet. It will be rare Sport!

Lady Traf. Cou'd you step home with me to my

44 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Lodgings, and carry a Letter to your Lady for me? you wou'd do a Piece of Service to us both.

Bet. And to myself too, or I'd see you and your Letter far enough. [*Aside*] —— Mem, I'll wait on you. You'll pardon my Freedom; but the Zeal I have to serve you ——

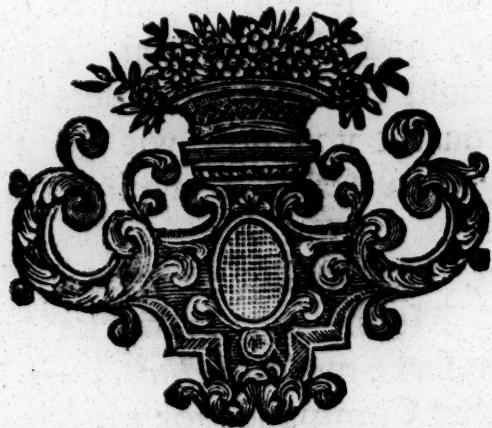
Lady Traf. I'm oblig'd to you.

Bet. You would not say so, if you knew my Intention. [*Aside*.]

I. Tr. *Thus for Relief hard Remedies we try,
And from one Passion to another fly,
Forgetting Love, while our Resentment's
high.*

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.



ACT



A C T IV.

Angelina's House.

Betty *with a Letter.*

IF I forgive him, I wish I may be deceiv'd by every Man I trust to ; and that's the greatest Curse that could happen to me. So far 'tis well. I'm secure of Lady *Traffick* ; if I can but work upon my own Lady as well, I may make 'em all quarrel, and then I may, perhaps, get him to myself. I'm sure he likes my Person, and that is the best Hold. People may talk of Sense and Virtue, and all that. They may be good in a formal Wife, but in a Mistress, let her but have an agreeable Temper, and a pretty Person. — Heyho ! I'm melancholy all of a sudden. Wou'd Sir *Harry* was here. Yet I ought not to wish that neither, for one kind Word from him, wou'd make this Letter drop out of my Hands, and at once destroy my Plot. Bless me, he is here ! I'll hide the Letter tho', and stand aside. [*Puts it in her Bosom.*] Perhaps I may discover something.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Was ever Man so justly punish'd ! How barbarous am I to that unfortunate Creature, who owes her Ruin twice to me. Yet what can I do ? I can never marry her, tho' she has my Promise. I ought then at least never to think of any else. Yet if I remain unfix'd, so strong are my Passions, I shall never conquer 'em, and I may make
more

46 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

more Victims still. *Angelina*, I think, has Charms enough to keep me to herself, and till I am fix'd, I fear I shall still be unjust. — It shall be so. I'll stop my Ears against Reflection, till I have extricated myself.

Bet. Say you so? I may, perhaps, involve you more. [Comes forward.]

Sir Har. Is your Lady at home, Child?

Bet. My Lady, forsooth! Will nothing but my Lady go down? I'm resolv'd not to give him the Letter for this. [Aside.] — No, Sir, but I believe she will presently. They went, my Lady and your Sister, with Mr. *Heartly* and Sir *Lively*, to Mrs. *Darnwell's*.

Sir Har. Mrs. *Darnwell's*! Death and the Devil! For what? — Speak.

Bet. I can't tell. [In a loud Tone.] To see some Lace was the Pretence; but —

Sir Har. But, what?

Bet. [Laughing] The real Cause was —

Sir Har. Will you speak, Hussy? [Taking her round the Neck to squeeze her Throat, sees the Letter.] Ha, what Letter's that?

Bet. 'Tis, 'tis, 'tis —

Sir Har. What is it? Give it me this Instant.

Bet. I won't. — 'Tis from my Sweetheart.

Sir Har. Nay, then I will have it.

[Whilst he struggles, knocking without.]

Bet. O Lud, Sir, for Heaven's sake have done. 'Tis my Mistress. I'll give it you by and by. Upon my Honour I will.

Sir Har. Give it me this Instant. I'll not trust you.

Bet. There, take it. But for Heaven's sake step out the Back-way, and come in again. If my Lady should see you —

Sir Har. Well, I'll go. But hark'ee, Mrs. Minx, no more Sweethearts. [Exit. *Bet.*]

Bet. No, indeed. —— O lud, what shall I do? He has got the Letter, and my Lady will never believe me. Besides, what Work shall I have with him! The Devil take me for being such a Fool to put it in my Bosom, if I intended to keep it from him. Well, I'll go back to my Lady *Traffick*, and tell her all. O lud, here's my Lady, and Madam *Lætitia* with her. I'll retire before they see me.

[Exit.]

Enter Angelina and Lætitia.

Ang. We've lost Sir *Lively* and Mr. *Heartly*.

Læt. They are but stept into my Brother's to bring him here. They'll be soon enough, never fear. They'll not give us too much breathing Time.

Ang. You'll want it, I'm sure; you've run so fast, one wou'd think you were going to meet a Lover.

Læt. Rather, as if I were flying from one. Sure nothing's so detestable as a Man of Sense, that pretends to be a Lover. Love is a quite different Thing in him, than in other Men.

Ang. Only so much the more agreeable.

Læt. Agreeable! O gad, how can you think so? Well, I shall hardly be able to bear any Lover this Month, I'm sure. I have been so pester'd by my sensible one. ——

Ang. I rather think you'll be able to bear none but him. 'Tis a sure Sign when a Woman is uneasy with what her Lover says; she wishes, at least, he wou'd talk in another Manner; and that, my dear, is one Step towards wishing for something else.

Læt. Something else! What, pray?

Ang. Why to like what he does say.

Læt. Lud blefs me, you're strangely positive. You wou'd fain make me believe ——

Ang.

48 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Ang. What, if I am any Judge, you will very soon own.

Læt. Own what?

Ang. That you love him.

Læt. Him! Whom?

Ang. Heartly, Heartly. Come, come, Child, all this affected railing —

Læt. Nay, then we must change the Discourse. How d'you think the tedious Creature entertain'd me at the Auction this Morning?

Ang. So, this is changing the Discourse. — Nay, the Lord knows. I'm sure, in the Humour you are, 'twas fifty to one any thing he said cou'd please you.

Læt. Why by expressing his Pleasure at the beautiful Appearance the Company made, by remarking the Variety of Tastes, that reign'd in the Choice of Cloaths, and by drawing Conclusions from the Singularity of some Dresses, of the Sense and Understanding of their Wearers. The Wretch did not say a Word of me all the while, and scarce look'd at me. But I was even with him.

Ang. Oh, I don't question that. But how pray?

Læt. Why, in the Midst of these wise Remarks, which he thought I took as much Pleasure to hear, as he did to make, Sir *Lively Brainless* came running from the other Side of the Room, and desir'd me to look at a young Lady that stood close by me. Madam, said he, wou'd you believe it? This young Lady I met at the other End of the Room, and thought her one of the most beautiful Creatures I ever saw; but when she came and stood by you, she appear'd to me so eclips'd and dim'd, that I came to see if it was the same Person. I did not know her again, I vow to gad. Lord, Sir *Lively*, said I, you've so pretty a Way of laughing at one, that one can't be angry. This drew a

Repartee

Repartee from him, and that another from me ; so that *Heartly*, I suppose, finding our Dialogue too long, very civilly took his Leave, and I very civilly let him go. Ha, ha —

Ang. Barbarous Creature ! How cou'd you use him so ?

Læt. Wou'd I cou'd use him ten times worse. But come, my Dear, shall we go to —

Ang. Go ! Whither wou'd you go, Child ? Why they'll be here this Instant.

Læt. Nay, if you've a mind to stay, I am very willing to keep you Company.

Ang. No, my dear, I'd as lieve go.

Læt. So had I too ; but I don't know, it wou'd look odd to go, wou'd it not ?

Ang. I don't know if it would look odd ; but I perceive you think it wou'd. Hark, I think I hear 'em in the next Room. Come, my dear, you are very unwilling now, are you not ? [Laughing.]

Læt. Psha.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lady Traffick's Lodging.

Lady Traffick and Betty.

Lady Traf. And so he forc'd the Letter from you ?

Bet. Yes, Mem.

Lady Traf. Is your Lady at Home now ?

Bet. I left her there, Madam.

Lady Traf. Cou'd you procure me Means of speaking to her ?

Bet. Yes, Mem. — This is rare. [Aside.]

Lady Traf. Come then, I'll prepare myself : Let's step into the next Room. Jenny.

50 *The LADY'S REVENGE: Or,*

Enter Jenny.

Jen. Madam.

Lady Traf. If Sir Harry comes, I am gone out.
Be sure you deny me, if he shou'd come before I
am gone.

Jen. Yes, Madam. [Ex. *L. Traffick and Betty.*] What can the Meaning of this be? The Doors us'd to fly open at his Approach. Well, 'tis not my Busineſſ.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Har. This was lucky. That curs'd Jade Betty to enter into a Plot against me! As to my Lady Traffick, her Wrongs, indeed, might stir her to Revenge. I must go to her, and try if I can calm her. My Promise of Marriage to her, and her Knowledge of my Affair with *Louisa*, both fairly stated in this damn'd Letter, wou'd have done my Busineſſ with *Angelina*. — Is my Lady Traffick above?

Jen. No, Sir, she's just gone out.

Sir Har. Gone out! Whither?

Jen. I really can't tell; but she went out with Mrs. Betty, Lady Angelina's Woman.

Sir Har. So! Damnation! Gone to *Angelina's*, I suppose. Hold, I may, perhaps, get thither before 'em. [aside.] — How long is it since they went?

Jen. The Moment before you enter'd.

Sir Har. 'Tis well. I yet may overtake them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Angelina's

Angelina's House.

Enter Angelina, Sir Lively, Lætitia and Heartly.

Ang. We were too late, Sir *Lively*, you have lost.

Sir Liv. I do confess it, Madam. The Bird was flown, but we'll cage him yet. However, Madam, I hope what Mrs. Darnwell said was sufficient to satisfy you in the main.

Læt. Angelina, is it fair to engross Sir *Lively* thus!

Sir Liv. I protest and vow, Madam, I ask Pardon. But I thought, Ned there cou'd entertain a Lady for a Quarter of an Hour, without tiring her. I had something of Consequence to tell this Lady. — I hope, Madam, what I have already discover'd merits some Consideration. [To Angel.

Ang. But I must have stronger Proofs, Sir *Lively*.

Sir Liv. You shall, Madam, or may I be blasted by your Frowns, like a too forward Tree by the Wind.

Ang. This Fool will make me discover how much I despise him, before I've made the Use I intend of him, if I don't render the Discourse more general. — Mr. *Heartly*, *Lætitia*, methinks for two Persons that are always quarrelling, in Company, you agree very well by yourselves.

Læt. I protest, my dear, you are as full of Malice, as an old Maid; and bestow it as often on your Friends. — Oh, here's my Brother!

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Har. I see no Marks of Lady *Traffick's* having been here yet, in *Angelina's* Looks. [aside] — Madam, your Servant.

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Ang. Your Servant, Sir *Harry*.

Læt. I believe, my Dear, we are beholden to you for his Company. I never see him, but here.

Ang. You wou'd give me an ill Opinion of your Brother, *Lætitia*.

Sir Har. He that gets her good Word, Madam, must have more Complaisance for her Humours than falls to the Share of a Brother. If you, Madam, but think favourably of me, I shall not concern myself much how I stand in her whimsical Judgment.

Hear. You see, Madam, what an Opinion your Brother has of you.

Læt. I wou'd advise you, Sir, to take the Model from him. [Gravely.]

Sir Liv. If I judge right, Sir, a Sister can best tell.

Sir Har. But you do not judge right, Sir, and never will. That's more.

Sir Liv. Ah, *le Brutal!* He's jealous; I'll plague him a little. — *Sir Harry*, Madam, is so taken up with his own Thoughts, that he has no Taste for the Conversation of the Beau Monde. Your Men of Sense are always the dullest Animals in Company. Take 'em from their Books, and their high-spun Notions, which they do not understand themselves, and you may fall asleep for want of Conversation.

Sir Har. And let me tell you, Sir, 'tis an Advantage to sleep in some Companies. Your Body's refresh'd, and your Mind not tir'd.

Sir Liv. Politely said. The Ladies are oblig'd to you.

Ang. Believe me, Sir *Lively*, there are Charms in a Man of Sense, a Woman thinks can never be too dearly purchas'd. Your Sister and I, Sir *Harry*, tho' very good Friends, differ a little in our Opinions.

nions! At least she would be thought to differ with me.

Hear. What was the Subject of your Dispute then, Ladies?

Læt. A mere Trifle, Sir, a Man.

Hear. 'Twas a happy Trifle, however.

Ang. I did not expect less from so polite a Man as Mr. *Heartily*. But we were disputing, at least coming to it, which would make the most agreeable Companion for Life, a Man of Sense, or a pretty Fellow.

Sir Liv. [Shrugging] Ah, Madam! — How she ey'd me! She's taken. Nay, I never doubted these Parts. [Aside.]

Sir Har. Well, Madam, and how did you determine the Point?

Sir Liv. Hark'ee, Sir Harry, don't press this Matter farther, for your own sake. You may hear something you may not like.

Sir Har. Pert Coxcomb! [Aside.]

Ang. Why, truly, Sir Harry, you came in before we determin'd any thing about it.

Sir Har. Then, Madam, we are not too late to hear it.

Sir Liv. Ay, ay, Madam, let's hear it. Pronounce,—decide.

Ang. Why really, Sir *Lively*, my Opinion is, a Man of Sense can never make a bad Husband, unles he has a bad or foolish Wife. He may rob his Wife of many tender Moments, and bestow them on undeserving Creatures. If she has but Prudence, she will conquer.

Sir Liv. Gad, I don't like that, tho'. [Aside.]

Sir Har. A Woman, Madam, that thinks as you do, brings too much Happiness along with her, not to prevent any Man's seeking it elsewhere.

Ang.

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Ang. That's more than I know, Sir.

Sir Liv. Oh, I thought she wou'd come about again. [Aside.] A Man of Sense, Madam, will expect so many Things in a Wife, that it will be impossible for her to satisfy him. Now, a pretty Fellow, Madam, is easier, and has always something light and gay to entertain her with.

Ang. Very true, Sir *Lively*. Yet if I lov'd him, I think I could not have too much of his Company; if not, too little.

Sir Har. How delicate her Sentiments are, and yet how tender!

Sir Liv. I don't know what to make of this, tho'. — Nay, Madam, if you won't take what I say for granted, I have done. I never prove any thing; I only assert. If it hits right, well: If not, it gives me an Opportunity to pay a Compliment to a Lady's Understanding, by retracting what I assert, and owning myself convinc'd by her superior Sense.

Ang. I'm afraid, Sir *Lively*, the Ladies are more oblig'd to their Sex, than Sense, when they bring you over. But let's change this Discourse. We grow too serious.

Enter Servant, whispers Sir Lively.

Sir Liv. A Servant at my House, say you, from my Uncle?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and he says he must see you immediately.

Sir Liv. I come.

[Exit *Serv.*

Ang. We shan't lose you, Sir *Lively*!

Sir Liv. [aside] Kind Soul! She can't be a Moment without me. — No, Madam, I'll but just receive the old Gentleman's Commands, and return, swift as my own Wishes — or yours. [Exit. *Sir*

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Sir Har. This Opportunity is lucky. Draw off
my Sister. [To Hear.

Hear. [to Læt.] Madam, you promis'd to shew
me the fine Screen you bought for Lady Angelina
this Morning.

Læt. That's true; 'tis but in the next Room.
Come, Mr. Heartly, follow me, and I'll shew it
you. 'Tis exceeding pretty.

Hear. I don't doubt it, Madam, if it be your
Taste.

Ang. Where are you gadding now?

Læt. But into the next Room. —— My Bro-
ther will be glad of this Opportunity. [Aside.

[Exit Læt. and Hear.

Ang. If you stay there, I'll follow you. ——
What do they mean by leaving me alone! [Aside.

Sir Har. I don't know how to begin. I never
was at a Loss before. [Aside.

Ang. What shall I say to him? This Silence is
worse than any thing I can say. I don't know
what to talk of. [Aside.] —— Methinks, they stay
— very long, —— Sir Harry.

Sir Har. [confus'd] I can never think the Time
long, Madam, that furnishes me with an Oppor-
tunity of being alone with a Woman whose Con-
versation has equal Charms with her Person, and
whose Person ——

Ang. S--ir.

Sir Har. I'm dumb. I never put the honoura-
ble Question before, and am as aukward at it,
[Aside.] —— I say, Madam, there is some-
thing so soft in the Society of a Woman of Sense
and Beauty, that a Man, bless'd by Fortune in
other Respects, wants nothing but to pass his Life
with such a Companion, to be compleatly happy.

Ang. You differ very much, Sir Harry, from
the fine Gentlemen of the Age, who seem not to
think

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think Sense in a Woman so essential to the married State.

Sir Har. Experience, Madam, is the Mother of true Judgment. Those fine Gentlemen you mention, are either too young to judge right, or too much hurried by their Passions, which Fortune enables 'em to indulge to Excess, to follow what is right.

Ang. It must, however, give a thinking Woman some Pain, to find even Men of Sense can't value them as they ought, till they are fatigued with Pleasures, and have lost their Relish for them.

Sir Har. The Education of our Sex, so different from that of yours, gives us such early and unbounded Liberties, that a thinking Woman must look with Indulgence on our early Failings; especially, since we are the principal Sufferers, in neglecting real Happiness to follow the Phantom.

Ang. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, this Apology ought not to pass for the sensible Part of your Sex, who stray in full Daylight.

Sir Har. Then, Madam, let me throw myself at your Feet, and acknowledge my Faults. Give me leave to thank you for putting me in the right Way, and allow me to conduct my future Steps, by your better Judgment.

Ang. What does he mean? — You rally me, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har. Well may you think it so, Madam. The Looseness of my former Life, which I've wanted even Discretion to hide, may make you call in question my present more serious Resolutions.

Ang. I must not hear you, Sir *Harry*. [Going.]

Sir Har. Forgive me, Madam, if I detain you against

against your Will. Let me be still more plain; talk to your Sense, and not your Sex. There never was any Person, how wild soever he may have been, but in his more serious Moments has form'd some Scheme of Happiness for Life. How often, tho' perhaps you'll not believe it, have I pleas'd myself that the Time would come when I should arrive at that happy Calm that fits one for such a Life. Hitherto my Joys, however great, have been imperfect. Reflection will be heard, and lead, soon or late, to a right Way of Acting. What I have been, I would have every body forget; as much as I myself shall avoid henceforth to be. What I shall be, depends not on myself. The Scheme of Happiness I now propose —

Ang. I must interrupt him, or he'll go too far.
[Aside.] — If that Scheme be a virtuous one, Sir Harry, I wish you Success in it with all my Heart.

Sir Har. Bare Wishes, however kind, cannot compleat my Happiness.

Ang. When Wishes are all we have —

Sir Har. There, Madam, I must contradict you.

Ang. What is he going to say! [Aside.]
Sir Har. The Scheme of Happiness which I propose, is founded on that tender Friendship which the married State alone can entertain.

Ang. How I tremble! [Aside.]
Sir Har. But a Youth so inconsiderately spent as mine, scarce gives me Room to hope I shall be credited, when I assure you, I have long conceal'd a Passion, I scarce dare even now discover. Be not surpriz'd at this Confession, Madam; however strange my Conduct may appear, it may, perhaps, hereafter be explain'd, could I but flatter myself that I should find in you a Judge inclin'd to hear me with a favourable Ear.

I

Ang.

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Ang. Press me no further, Sir *Harry*. One can never think too much on that, which must make one's future Happiness or Misery. Let it suffice, for this Time, I can see your good Qualities, thro' the Cloud of Passions that o'ercast them.

Sir Har. Then, Madam, be you the Sun, whose genial Warmth shall ripen them into Virtues. This is the Crisis of my Fate.

Enter Betty, whispers Angelina.

I little thought I spoke so true. Damn'd Jade! This must be some Message from my Lady *Traf-fick*. [Aside.]

Ang. A Lady, say you, desires to speak with me, on something that concerns me nearly!

Sir Har. Ay, 'tis so. The Devil! [Aside.]

Ang. What can this be? Something, I dare say, that relates to his Youth, too inconsiderately spent, indeed. Pray Heaven no body claims a Right to him. [Aside.] —— Conduct her to my Closet, I'll come instantly.

Bet. I shall be reveng'd now. [Sir Har. frowns.] No matter for that. [Exit.]

Ang. Sir *Harry*, I must beg your Pardon for a little while, a particular Reason obliges me to leave you for a Moment. In next Room you'll find Mr. *Heartly* and your Sister. I shall not stay.

Sir Har. Let me beg you wou'd not leave me, quite uncertain of my Fate. One Word might make me the happiest of my Sex. Give me but Leave to hope.

Ang. Why should I hide my Sentiments any longer? I do love him, and wish him mine. [Aside.] — Well, Sir, I give you Permission to believe as you wish.

Sir

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Sir Har. [Kneeling, kisses her Hand] On my Knees let me thank you. My Heart is easy now; I feel a Flow of Joy! — Oh Angelina, may I then hope to call you mine!

Ang. I'm sure my Heart is easier than it was.
[aside.] — Well, will you let me go now?

Sir Har. Yes, if you'll return quickly.

Ang. Well, well.

Sir Har. I think I've nothing to fear now.

*At length my Bosom feels returning Rest,
Love pleads my Cause in Angelina's Breast.*

[Exit.

END of the FOURTH ACT.





A C T V.

Enter Heartly and Lætitia.

Læt. M R. *Heartly*, you've been taking a great deal of Pains to convince me of a Thing I never can believe.

Hear. What's that, pray, Madam?

Læt. Why, Sir, that you are capable of being in Love.

Hear. That's very hard, Madam. To be denied the Privilege of feeling what the meanest of my Sex feels, is something tyrannical.

Læt. The meanest of your Sex ! Profane Creature ! Can Love harbour in mean Breasts ?

Hear. Love, Madam, knows neither Birth nor Fortune. Where it finds a Soul capable of receiving it, it lodges, and is as pleas'd to warm the meanest as the noblest Breast.

Læt. I don't know what Love you talk of.

Hear. The Love I talk of, Madam, is that Passion that fills us with generous Sentiments in Behalf of the Person we like ; and if the meanest Artisan, in Proportion to his Sense and Understanding, feels such Sentiments, he feels Love in its greatest Delicacy.

Læt. You talk like an Oracle, Sir, I shall improve.

Hear.

Hear. May I flatter myself, Madam, the Improvement will be to my Advantage? It is but just, since you are pleas'd to own it will come from me.

Læt. Sir, you seem too interested in your Wish, to be capable of those generous Sentiments you require in a Lover.

Hear. If to wish to possess a Woman, who, to an agreeable Person, joins a superior Understanding and Temper, fram'd to please and to be pleas'd, be to be interested, I own I am so, and glory in it. And if to these happy natural Circumstances, I add the Consideration that she is Sister to my Friend, nothing is wanting to compleat the Fulness of my Joy; but —

Læt. But — but — what, Sir?

Hear. I wou'd read it in your Eyes, [takes her Hand, *she turns away*] but you withdraw' em from me. 'Tis kindly done, if arm'd with Anger, not to let me see 'em; but unkind, if —

Læt. If — if — Lord, what are you going to say? Well, say what you will. I am not in a Humour to contradict you. There, now read. [Looks at him.] Well — nay, if you're so tedious.

Hear. Tedious! O, I cou'd read for ever here. My Joy's too great for Words to give it Vent.

Læt. I have betray'd myself; he sees too much. [Aside.] — Come, Mr. Heartly, let's go to my Brother and Angelina. What will they think of us?

Hear. I believe, Madam, they've thought as little of us, as we of them. [Going.]

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Har. O Sister, O Friend! If you refuse me your Assistance now, my Peace of Mind is gone for ever.

Læt. What d'you mean, Brother? I never saw
you

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you thus before. You seem too concern'd not to command our utmost. Speak !

Sir Har. Heartly, you remember the Story I told you this Morning. You'll explain it to my Sister. I have no Time to lose now. That Lady is now with *Angelina*; Revenge has push'd her to destroy my Hopes in her, whom I had just before brought to confess a Regard for me. I found a growing Passion in every Word and Look — but fear shall never see it more. She, by this, knows all my former foolish Engagement; and I know her Virtue is too delicate ever to consent, were there but the Shadow of a Promise extant against me.

Hear. This is unfortunate, indeed. But I wou'd advise you to join them immediately. I'll but prepare your Sister, and we'll follow you, Time enough, perhaps, to save you.

Sir Har. O Friend, I cannot stir. My Conscience weighs me down; I can never face that injur'd, guiltless Woman, not dare behold the awful Severity of *Angelina's* Looks. My Heart is torn betwixt conflicting Resolutions. Virtue and Passion move me with such equal Force, I can yield to neither; and to live divided thus —

Hear. Come, come, you must go. The Presence of what we love, oft weakens the strongest Argument against us.

Lat. [aside] There is some Truth in that. Come, Brother, Mr. *Heartly* advises well.

Hear. Nay, I will be Master now.

[Forces him out.]

Another

Another Apartment of Angelina's.

Enter Angelina and Lady Traffick.

Lady Traf. You've heard my Story, Madam.

Ang. I've heard, indeed, too much. [Aside.]

Lady Traf. What can you expect from one so void of Honour and of Truth?

Ang. What, indeed?

Lady Traf. 'Tis true, I cannot force him to marry me; but till I have disengag'd him from his Vow, he cannot be another's.

Ang. Oh, no! If what you say is true; and there is but too much Reason to believe it, tho' I lov'd him better than ever Woman yet lov'd, I never wou'd be his: Nor will I build my Happiness on your Misfortune.

Lady Traf. I thank you, Madam, I expected no less from you. [Angelina walks about concern'd.]

Enter Sir Harry.

Ha, he's here. Be firm, my Heart, and let me speak my Wrongs, tho' I shou'd lose him quite, and be for ever miserable.

Sir Har. 'Tis she! Confusion! I read my Fate in Angelina's Looks.

Lady Traf. Here, Madam, he is, be you my Judge. If he denies a Word of what I say, let me be still more wretched, if possible, than I am.

— Sir — I cannot look at him, and speak, — yet I must. — Sir, 'tis to you I speak; answer me. Did you not rob me of my Innocence, under the solemn Promise of Marriage? Were not our Vows exchang'd, and mutually plighted to each other? Did you not break these Vows, almost

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most assoon as made, and force me (tho' my Tears and faithful Love to you spoke my Reluctance) to give myself to another? Did you not even tempt me to violate the very Vows which you compell'd me to make? I was not quite so lost to Virtue: Can you deny all this? —— No. Your Silence justifies the Charge.

Ang. I see too plain it does, I want no other Proof. — Madam, believe I feel your Wrongs, as if they were my own. Compassion is the Glory of our Sex, and well becomes its Softness. —

'Tis now too late, Sir *Harry*, to deny I had harbour'd some favourable Sentiments of you. But tho' I have a Soul that can love, know it can combat any Sentiment which wrongs another or itself. You see, Sir, the Reason of my Conduct, and cannot censure my Justice.

Sir Har. I can't indeed. Your Sentence, Madam, is just. The Wrongs I've done this Lady, whose only Fault was loving me too tenderly, merit the severest Punishment. You have it in your Power, and do inflict it. I've made one miserable, (wou'd there were but one) 'tis just I shou'd be so myself. *Lucia*, you seem to be surpriz'd to see me with so calm a Look. Know, that I'm ashame'd of my inhuman Usage of you, and will make any Amends within my Power. You sought Revenge, you have it, and I blame you not. Cou'd Love once fled return, even that I'd give; for I have been a Savage to you, and wanted even Humanity to pity you.

Lady Traf. These Words, Sir *Harry*, at another Time, had made me the happiest of my Sex; but now they serve to make me the most miserable. I see, by sad Experience, I render both myself and you unhappy. But I will tear this Tyrant Love, from my fond Bosom, since it can meet with no Return from yours.

Sir

Sir Har. Let me but tell you what Return you may expect.

Lady Traf. What wou'd you tell me ! I know you cannot love me. Were it in your Power, I do believe you wou'd. I know you are human, tender and good-natur'd : But wild Desires, and unruly Passions tear up all that's generous in you, and leave you to a considering Mind, an Object of Compassion, even more than me.

Ang. Who could wrong such Goodness ! [Aside.]

Lady Traf. Hear me, Sir Harry ; 'tis, perhaps, for the last Time. I can never hate you. Hate you, did I say ? — Ah no ! I must for ever love you, spite of myself. 'Tis equitable too I should. Thus, wise Providence will make my Crime my Punishment.

Sir Har. Call it not so. 'Twas I deceiv'd you. You believ'd me lawfully yours, and indulg'd a Fondness that well became your Youth and Passion. Add not to your unhappy Fate, a Crime you were not guilty of.

Lady Traf. No more of that. For my own Peace I will avoid seeing you more. I give up all those flattering Thoughts of Happiness, with which I fed my poor deluded Heart ! A Happiness that was so great, it stifled all the Cries of Conscience and of Honour. My future Care shall be to make my Peace with Heaven, and lead a Life, if possible, without Misery.

Sir Har. How contemptible do I appear to her superior Merit !

Lady Traf. I came hither with a Design to revenge myself on you ; but I have since reflected, I could not punish you, without involving more than the Guilty. Nay, I find I cannot have the Heart to punish you.

Ang. Generous Creature ! [Aside.]

Lady Traf. Hear me. Whilst you continue free,

K and

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and disengag'd, I shall still think I have some Right to you ; and, perhaps, indulge some fond Wishes that will only make me miserable. Were you engag'd, the Knowledge that you cannot be mine, would strengthen my Reason, and free my future Life from Conflicts, dangerous to my Peace of Mind.

Ang. Ha, what's that ?

[*Aside.*]

Lady Traf. Madam, 'tis to you I now speak. I told you of a Promise of Marriage from Sir Harry to me, made in early Youth. As we were both too young to judge of Happiness when that Vow was made, I here acquit him of his Promise, and withdraw my own. He is now free.

Ang. This is too much ; I'll never be outdone in Generosity.

Sir Har. Lucia, you have indeed reveng'd yourself. This generous Action will never be forgot, nor ever be remember'd, but with Pain.

[*Turns to Ang.*]

Ang. Hold, Sir. True Happiness must be without Alloy. I shall never think of this Lady, but I shall look upon myself as a Bar to her Peace of Mind. And tho' thro' Excess of Goodness, which very Goodness shou'd confound you, she can give up her Happiness to procure that of the Man by whom she's ruin'd, I never can consent, and never will. Your Reason, Sir Harry, points the Path you have to follow, mine, which I am to avoid.

Lady Traf. The Sentiment, Madam, is kind and generous. But my Misery or Happiness must henceforward depend upon myself alone ; and I, Madam, will never be his. He is free.— Here, Sir Harry, is your Letter. I could almost wish I had never seen it ; but since I have, let me beg you never to see that Person more. Her Passion is but young ; she yet may conquer it, if you avoid seeing her.

Sir

Sir Har. I never will.

Ang. Take Comfort, Madam. There are but few that know this fatal Secret. Believe me, Madam, as delicate a Sense of Virtue as I have, I do acquit you. Have Patience, you may yet be happy.

Lady Traf. I will be govern'd by you. Your Leave, Madam, at present to retire. I am unfit to stay.

Ang. Yet more unfit to go. Make my House your Home, till you are more recover'd. *Betty,* conduct the Lady out, I'll follow soon.

[Exit *Lady Traf.* with *Betty*.]

Enter Heartly and Lætitia.

Læt. Poor Lady! she well deserves a better Fate.—We've overheard all. And now, my Dear, [to *Ang.*] I hope there remains nothing that may affect my Brother's Interest in your Heart.

Enter Sir Lively, running.

Sir Liv. Pity me, my Dearest. Ladies, pity me, or wish me Joy, or both: For by this Light, I don't know whether I should be glad or sorry.

Ang. Why, what's the Matter, Sir *Lively*?

Sir Liv. Nay, no great Matter.—You must not think of having me, Madam.

Ang. How, Sir *Lively*, why you are not married!

Sir Liv. Not positively. But it looks very like it. Sir *Harry*, do you know my Uncle's rich Ward?

Sir Har. His Ward!

Sir Liv. Ay, his Ward. What dost start at?

Ang. Do you mark your Brother's Surprize? I'll be hang'd if this Spouse of Sir *Lively* is not the other mention'd just now.

[Aside to *Læt.*]

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Sir Har. So—And you have been there already?

Sir Liv. Ay, that I have. Egad, I flew thither.

Hark'ee, she's a fine Woman, faith.

Sir Har. Well, and you saw her?

Ang. How he questions him!

[*Aside.*]

Sir Liv. Ay. But such a Sight! I found her all in Tears, just recover'd from a fainting Fit. I suppose her Father's Letter, with the News of her sudden Happiness, disorder'd her.

Sir Har. [*aside*] I fancy I cou'd give a better Reason for it.

Sir Liv. But, egad, I never minded that. I made my Speech; and 'twas a pretty one, upon my Honour.

Sir Har. I believe you, Sir. [Turns away.]

Sir Liv. So cold! Perhaps, Sir, you are some secret Rival?

Sir Har. No, faith, Sir: And to prove that I have no Pretension to her, if this Lady, since you have told her she must not think of you, were inclin'd to believe she has Charms enough to reclaim me —

Ang. I don't know whether I ought to venture. 'Tis a great Risque, when Happiness lies at Stake. But come, Sir Harry, 'tis too late now to go back. Here's my Hand. If I have Reasfon to repent, I can blame none but myself.

Sir Har. I dare venture to assure you, you will have none.

Hear. Must we be idle, Madam?

[*To Læt.*]

Læt. Is there so much haste?

Hear. Madam, I'll wait your Leisure.

[*Affecting Gravity.*]

Læt. D'you hear the Creature! Well, I'll punish you, I'm resolv'd, and consent at once. Here, Sir, my Hand. Nay, take it, while I am in the Humour..

Hear. And not your Heart!

Læt.

The ROVER Reclaim'd. 69

Læt. A Hand is easily recall'd, but a Heart once gone, is gone for ever.— But come, Sir, you seem to look as if you thought they both go together.

Sir Liv. If they don't, Ned, 'tis no great Matter. If one comes first, t'other will soon follow. Poor Rogues, they can't keep their Hearts long from us, when they've once made us Masters of the Key to them. Ha, ha.

Enter Betty.

Bet. I'm impatient till I know what's done. I'll venture in.— Madam, did your Ladiship call?

Ang. No.

Bet. Has your Ladiship any more Commands?

Sir Har. No, Child, but I have. With your Leave, Madam.

Ang. You must command now.

Sir Har. I have a Man that has serv'd me long and faithfully. The Way of Life I am now going into, renders his Service useles to me. I long intended him a Farm of forty Pounds a Year. But as he will want a neat and clean Housekeeper, to share the Management of it, I have fix'd my Eyes on Mrs. *Betty*, your Woman, who seems to be cut out for an excellent Housewife.

Bet. Are all my Hopes come to this!

Sir Har. Here, *Tom*.

Enter Tom.

Sirrah, what say you to a Farm of 40*l.* a Year, and a pretty Wife?

Tom. And a Child already got, I suppose.— Sir, for the Farm I return you my most grateful Acknowledgements, for that cannot but turn out a real Good and Advantage to me. How this other Freehold may prove, I can't tell.— But 'tis no Mat-

70 *The LADY'S REVENGE, &c.*

Matter. —— I'll venture to take a Lease for Life, But hark'ee, my Dear, no Husbandman but myself, d'you hear, no Labourer to help me to do my Work. I'll warrant thee, Girl, I'll keep thee in good Order myself.

Bet. Well, *Tom*, if thou art but as good as thy Word, I promise thee thou shalt reap the Fruits of No-body's Labour but thy own. But take heed. If like a lazy Lubbard you grow idle, and let good Land run into Common, for want of enriching the Soil as it ought, it will fall to the Lord of the Manor again, and then, you know, he has a Right to turn his own Cattle a grazing there.

Sir Har. Come, Madam, we are now engag'd in a Voyage for Life. 'Tis for both our Interests to make it agreeable and happy. I shall do my Endeavour to give you no Uneasiness. Let's forget the past, and look forward.

When Passion governs with despotic Sway,
And its enchanting Dictates we obey,
Our Spirits, lifted up, a while we sail,
And plough Love's Ocean with a prosperous Gale :
Till, like a Tempest, Vice, at last, appears,
And full on Rocks and dangerous Quicksands bears.
If then some Pilot, with unerring Hand,
O'er the lost Barque deigns but to take Command,
The Rocks we dreaded most, with Ease, he shuns ;
And safe to Port the sinking Vessel runs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.

